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1840. 131.



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THE HONEYMOON.

BY

JOHN FISHER, A.M.

Si meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit, Scire velim chartis pretium quotus arroget annus?

Horace.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS;

AND MAY BE HAD OF

THE BOOKSELLERS AT NEWPORT PAGNEL, WOBURN, BEDFORD, NORTHAMPTON, ETC. ETC.

M.DCCC.XL.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY MANNING AND MASON, IVY-LANE, ST. PAUL'S.

PREFACE.

"The Honeymoon"—published by a Septuagenarian thirty years after it was composed. The history of the Poem—if so it may be termed by courtesy—is brief and simple. It was written originally on the occasion, and at the very period which its subjects and allusions indicate, in blank verse. Perhaps, on comparison with the original composition, it might as well have so remained. The latter part of the second Canto, and the two Books, printed as at first written, will prove the success, or the reverse, of the author's labour. The glorious Childe Harold had so entirely captivated and engrossed public favour at the time, that all the minores became imitatores; and amongst the servum pecus, the author

thought it might improve his production by following the fashion. He experienced much facility and amusement in the task, and was cheered by smiles that fully rewarded him. That it was not finished or published, is accounted for by fears and cares which came on him thick and pressing. It was laid up, with other papers of as little importance, for many years; and at last, if not forgotten, so imperfectly remembered that it was read and revised with as much impartiality as a parent can feel for an offspring, and submitted to a literary friend, by whose judgment and sentence it is committed to the press. Long as the poem has slumbered in oblivion, the author is by no means indifferent to its success. He prays his family and friends to accept it as a testamentary offering of esteem and affection, and he will be grateful if it shed one bright ray on his departing hours.

Wavendon, June, 1840.

THE HONEYMOON.

PART I. · · · · · LONDON.

CANTO I.

ı.

Ye youthful lovers! who in fancy's loom
Weave for a mistress charms her glass denies—
Ye sentimental fair! who waste your bloom
In dreams romantic, and unwitting sighs
For bliss that never yet was mortal prize—
Ye libertines! who lemans loose among,
Snatch at deceptious pleasure as it flies;
And ye whose cuckoo-ledden all day long
Mocks married men;—come all, and hear the bridal song.

H.

And you, gay pair! new-bless'd by pompous Dean, Who fly from fashion's, folly's favourite round, And dream that joys in each entrancing scene, In woods, and groves, and bowers, are only found; Imparadised in bliss, in love fast-bound, Ye find the dear delirium o'er,—that soon Ye need the masque, the dance, light music's sound To charm your hours away,—now list the boon On humbler pair bestow'd, and busier Honeymoon.

III.

Connubial Love! without thee sad, alone,
Still wander'd Adam through his fair domain,
And sigh'd to find a partner for his throne,—
Taught by his subjects how unblest his reign,
Who fill'd in dallying pairs wood, air, and plain,—
To taste the blessings that environed,
Converse and counsel with her to maintain;
And when to bower, for rest or plaisance led,
On her soft bosom laid, to soothe his weary head.

IV.

She came! the heavenly vision, onward brought
By the Creator's hand, and lovelier came
As work of after-thought, if after-thought
Impute we to the Maker, void of blame:
Adam his Benefactor's sovereign name
Homaged on grateful knee. The pillar-pine
And cedar form'd the fane, by heaven's blue frame
O'er-canopied; and fitting was the shrine,
Where God himself was priest, to seal the rite divine.

٧.

Affianced and espoused, the primal pair,—
Man's graceful mother, and earth's new-made lord,
The regist'ring archangels wing'd through air,
On adamantine tablets to record
The holy act; and sovereign Love adored
In hymenean strains. Not gladlier sang
The same celestial choir, in grand accord,
When all the firmament of morning rang
With notes of golden harp, and trumpet's louder clang.

VI.

Nigh her voluptuous lap had Nature spread
Of printless moss, prank'd with the pansy sweet,
Harebell and asphodel, the bridal bed,
And wove the o'erarching arbour, close retreat,
Where emblematic plants unbidden meet:
The palm's round waist the light clematis bound,
And wantonly his limbs the tendrils greet,
Till dropping in luxuriance all around,
The pensile strings again salute the verdant ground.

VII.

Near, blow'd the virgin-rose of Sharon pale,
And gave her scent unguarded by the thorn;
With fragrant breath the lily of the vale,
Geranium and myrtle fill'd the morn,
And aromatic herbs their sweets new-born
Distill'd around. But penitential rue
Wither'd far off, not yet in wedlock worn:
Thus the first pair, to mystic covenant true,
Twain of one flesh, again in close reunion grew.

VIII.

One sole command heaven mingled as it blest—
And e'en a benediction that command—
"Go! multiply in peace," was the behest,
"Replenish and enliven this fair land."
And in whatever else they did withstand,
They most religiously abided this.
Oh, Love of Paradise! in holy band;
Oh! how unlike the wanton's barter'd kiss,
Unequal marriage-vows, or cryptogamic bliss.

IX.

Can other Love this purest rite profane,
Since heaven-enkindled burns the bridal lamp?
To join divided fields forge ye the chain?
Would doting eld, whom chronic torments cramp,
Fling o'er reluctant youth chill horror's damp?
Would virgin'd age her golden magic bring,
Approach the altar, ask the ritual stamp?
See, in her arms the sick boy withering,
In winter's icy fold like early budding spring.

x.

Spurning a father's right, the gallant youth,
Who much the obedient lover would deride,—
Though well, I ween, it argues future truth,
That the young bridegroom and the duteous bride
In the same church had worshipp'd side by side,—
Flies with some heedless fair, defying blame,
Feloniously in city rife to bide,
Till three quick Sabbaths hear the mutter'd name,
When low unwitness'd vows God's holy altar shame.

XI.

She who for liberty, in wanton haste,

Pants to escape, an unreluctant bride,

From those who anxious nursed her years gone past,
In new protection eager to confide,—

Knows not a thought of duty sanctified,
Nor feels for riven hearts of parent ruth;
And bursting from the bands she ill could bide

Of relative affection, brings in sooth,

Assurance faint and cold of future faith and truth.

XII.

And more irreverent still, beyond the Tweed Who haste in shameless mockery are such, To solemnize by stealth the unhallow'd deed, By hand unholy, grim'd with filthy touch Of humble craft, and more polluting smutch Of venal gold. Good Mother Church beware, If such return well-deem'd, caress'd as much, Ah! why so squeamishly proscribe the fair, Whose frailties unreproved, slight solder would repair. (1)

XIII.

The wedded heart, what new sensations thrill!

Though cordial, kind, the intercourse that warms
The enamoured youth—be ever hallow'd still
The fence decorum plants round virgin charms—
Come there will ever, doubtings and alarms,
Of Love the sure concomitants and test:
Whoever knew them, blunt to love's light arms,
Was never with a smile or gesture bless'd,
Or fullest rapture felt, by touch ecstatic press'd.

XIV.

Such fitful feelings are the lover's lot:

But lost at once fantastic dreams and fears—

The plighted troth, the indissoluble knot,

Conclude them all. The lover still appears,

Or warmer name, if such be found, he bears,

Who, ardent in the long pursuit, is blessed

With full possession. That the fair one shares

The change which hope knew not, by each confess'd;

Bliss, to be bliss indeed, must flow from breast to breast.

XV.

Yet will a sigh attend on rapture's birth: (2)

There is, that will an awful pause require

E'en in the most devoted heart on earth,

E'en in the morning of our fond desire:

The rite, the vow, God's temple we admire;

Attesting heaven and friends, who man and wife

Bid happy and adieu! All these inspire

The beating heart with feelings deep and rife,

And oft to be recalled in tides of after-life.

XVI.

Yes; sensitive the hand and slow the tongue,
Soft, filial, gentle, chaste the maiden prove:
Yet coyness were ill-timed indulged too long,
And treasonous to the very law of love,
Still pointing to the emblematic dove,
Bidding the loyal flame enkindling vie
With Hymen's rosy cheek and star above.
Soon then dispersed the glistening drop and sigh,
Return congenial smiles, and rapture-speaking eye.

XVII.

So sheds its twinkling pearls the humid morn,
And day beams lovely in meridian pride.
Blest nuptials! such our own. On, gaily borne—
The votaries of Pleasure—by her tide,
We seek the goddess where she doth preside,
Beckoning her slaves, and charming with her song,
Her many-colour'd mantle glittering wide;
Rejoiced to lose ourselves amid the throng,
And give to Love the hours that do to Love belong.

XVIII.

In the gay concourse lost, the humble pair
Wander the maze unnoticed and unknown,
Not in the forest-walk more hid than there;
No conscious leer provokes the blush or frown,
Save the reverted look at beauty thrown;
And all that eye or ear, or sense enthral,
Fill Love's vacation, 'mid the joys of Town,—
Droops not his pinion, nor his pleasures pall,
The salient pulse of life still bids time fly withal.

XIX.

Past admiration e'en awakes in me;
But novelty revived to trace aright,
It is that she I shelter—'tis that she
Marvels at wonders new and strange to sight,
Her young eyes sparkling with unfeigned delight.
Hence! hence the twofold pleasure, new yet old,
On the fair page of Innocence to write
Fresh images, and characters unfold:
'Tis like the gracious deed of charity—twice-told.

XX.

Come then, O Muse! though rustical the lay,
Y-clad in farthingale, with ancient pace;
Presume we on our canvass to portray
The men and manners of this mighty place:
But as we scan the ever-varying face,
Stampt with generic likeness, it were wrong
The heart within by festive looks to trace;
Or by false show to mark the passing throng,
The mind, the rank, the worth that may to each belong.

XXI.

Strange to the man, new come from still retreat,
London!—thy ceaseless hum, by day by night,
Of multitudinous and busy street,
To him perpetual wonder; deem'd of light
By whom 'tis evermore in ear and sight;
But rich of novel and amusing thought,
Could he a-read the passing crowd aright;
If calling home the scattered rays distraught,
He dare dissect the man, with moral fancy fraught.

XXII.

Wave after wave the living rows pass on,
A never-ending, ever-coming stream:

'Tis hard to catch the figure ere 'tis gone,
Whilst more and more crowd on our waking dream.
Go, fix the flying clouds:—Ay, now the theme
Grows palpable. Emerging from the Strand—
That middle isthmus, at whose ends there seem
Two several worlds—we gain securer land,
And hence observe we well who stroll, or lounge, or stand.

XXIII.

And who are they, yon loud equestrian pair?

They laugh, they walk, they talk in vulgar phrase,
In frock of drab, slouch'd hat, and careless air;
With dexterous hand each reins his own bright bays,
His pleasure what? his fame?—'Tis Jehu's praise.
No groom of his gives that familiar greet;
Each proud alike Olympic dust to raise;
And when they urge along th' admiring street,
With quaint salute they sign, if they their brethren
meet.

XXIV.

Olympic dust, I ween, and nought beside,
Each gathers daily in his empty car;
Through royal Brentford they their racers guide,
Then o'er that Heath ydrad by evening star;
Onward they drive through many a turnpike-bar,
Harrying old age and infancy of Staines;
Then to that town of purer name afar,
Till his loud stamp, who leads with tighten'd reins,
Bids them return again, to boast their bootless pains.

XXV.

Such thy hereditary counsellors,

England! Of such the Commons House compact.

Certes they were right-worthy senators,

Did they for Houyhnhnms fitting laws enact,

Or frame they well Highway or Turnpike Act:

But when with laugh they vex the man sedate,

Or cough, or whisper down the man of fact,

Or "question," "order," "chair," vociferate,

Were they aloft again, 'twere well for calm debate.

XXVI.

Grave senators! E'en now they calculate
Their party strength, and jarring votes compose,
Weighing the issue of to-night's debate,
And, joining hands, pair off—albeit state-foes.
Their parties may not miss them; ayes and noes
Still trimm'd: but can ye, Sirs, unheard decide?
Then, Calvin, to the state thy doctrine goes,
And ministers may safe the House divide,
Predestination strong through right and wrong their
guide.

XXVII.

Thanks to my Love; we'll give the wall to him
Who stumps on oaken peg, sad gift of war!
With sullen look—not at his shortened limb,
The fruit of Aboukir or Trafalgar;
No, but for this—the weather-beaten tar
Has found the prize their gallantry had won,
For which they jointly fought or cruised afar;
Which well he deem'd his good lieutenant's own,
To some new-posted youth—some well-born captain
gone.

XXVIII.

But not for him, nor for the empty sleeve
That dangles from the trunk of that brave man,
Longer would I, than pity bids me, grieve,
Forgetful of the glorious race they ran,
With Wellington or Nelson in the van;
What time two wondering kingdoms heard the
shock,

When from the Pyrenees the fight began;
When Egypt's boast, which time and tempest mock,
By Nelson's thunder felt their firm foundations rock.

XXIX.

So sang the patriot, when the tidings came,—
Wet with a nation's tears—that sad gazette;
Then did these eyes behold a Brother's name
Dim through the drop that oft bedews them yet.
Oh! my swoll'n heart, what softens thy regret,
For one thou ever lov'dst, and lov'dst so true?
'T is that his country's foes he ever met
Through ten campaigns, the fiercest Britain knew,
And ever at her call to storm or battle flew.

xxx.

Hay, Picton, Ponsonby! a grateful land
In her proud annals now records her grief,
On arch, urn, obelisk, with trembling hand
Your praise indenting. Thine, no high relief
Shall tell, my Brother! But—memorial brief,—
This humble tribute to affection due:—
Whilst England holds the dust of each loved chief,
Mine is the reminiscence ever new,—
That one small speck is thine on grave-strew'd
Waterloo.

XXXI.

Pass we the men of war; and who is he
With measured steps and fortified address?
Statesman(3) profound! nought less he seems to be,
A nation's cares upon his shoulders press,—
Sir Gravity would tell you—nothing less.
If not the body politic his care,
Thoughts of his own, his mighty mind oppress:
Mysterious outside, formal all and fair,
Protects his scanty wit from question and compare.

XXXII.

Swift as the Post—so urgent are his needs—
The man of business whoso will may mark;
He brushes by him, nor politeness heeds:
Now watch this busy man; a goose-quill clerk,—
In some close court he sits, at mid-day dark,
At inky desk bescrawl'd, on lofty stool,
Proud if a client's rap should bid him hark!
Or trots he now—his cane a three-foot rule—
To warm his heels, which long behind the counter cool.

XXXIII.

Vain the attempt this little crowd to pass,
Whilst through th'emblazon'd panel lights the dame,
The elder sister of each dainty lass—
Such would she seem: for they have learnt to shame
In distance and respect the mother's name,
Which 'Ladyship,' or simple 'Ma'am' supplies,
Or playful terms in easier phrase they frame;
Whilst the crisp'd periwig and pencill'd eyes
Of youthful auburn help the palpable disguise.

XXXIV.

Around the lovely train a careless knot
Of listless idlers rudderless, adrift,
Press, all indifferent as they seem, I wot:
The sons of fortune these! some on the shift
To win, whilst others lavish all her gift;
And ere to-morrow dawns, the goddess cross
Shall pass her slighted boon to those whose swift
And vigilant eye, make gain of others' loss,
And down her ebbing tide their foundering vessel toss.

XXXV.

Thou most bewitching of all other sin,
Gaming! thou most accursing and accursed.

Ah! never ceasing when thou dost begin,
For ever drinking, evermore athirst.

Oh! could he see his end who dares thee first—
Pistol and poison startling his dazed eye!
Still deeper plunging till he reach the worst.

Hold, dastard! wilt thou risk upon a die
All—fortune, fame, and fate, and murdered family?

XXXVI.

Whence this bad league—the gudgeon with the shark?
Brass tells for gold at first, the current cash,
And who so rude to give the touchstone's mark?
The bold adventurer, with decisive dash,
Palms on the counterman his swindling trash,
Wedges his face amid the crowd polite,
Despite of peril, or by kick or lash;
There bows at random, brazens out the night,
Henceforth his card-rack full,—and ask who will,
all's right.

XXXVII.

Twice might you guess, and twice your guess be wrong,

What were the lofty rank of yon spruce beau,
Or of the belle beside, that trips along,
Smirking and breathing odours; yet they show—
Like a conundrum which you soon shall know—
Their true solution following ever near:—
See you the bandbox, dangling light and low,
By footman at her heels? and in the rear
The badges of his trade both the bent porter bear.

XXXVIII.

Ah, Giles! thou Saint of vagabond and rogue,
That steal'st from Patrick half his populace,
And fill'st our streets with bacchanal and brogue;
Thou sendest forth at morn thy ragged race.
See that same urchin with unwashen face,
Nurtured in rags, filth, vice and infamy,
To beg, to steal, to cheat, thinks no disgrace:
He, foul imp of sinful lecherie,
Is rear'd through all degrees to utmost villany.

XXXIX.

As in the green tree, see it in the dry:—
Yon sturdy varlet, that besets the way,
Robs us of pity by some varnished lie,—
By night a thief, a mendicant by day;
Or cellar guest in subterranean fray,
He revels on till morn in contest hard;
Now with shrunk nerves and woful face doth pray,
And up and down he keepeth watch and ward,
Like sentinel on deck that walks his midnight guard.

XL.

There is a street (4) inscribed now to George,—
Unworthy name of saint or king albeit—
Thither from every walk they nightly urge,
Like dirty kennels tending to the Fleet,
Sans eyes, sans nose, sans hands, sans arms, sans feet;
Beldams who sound in broken voices troll,
Ditties and madrigals in lane or street;
And mongers, who with changing seasons roll
Their wares, by sea, by land, from stall or window stole.

XLI.

There round their own peculiar savoury roast,
With pungent garniture they stand, they sit;
Nor serving-man have they, and e'en their host
Pays not kind compliment, or welcome fit:
From dripping-pan he cuts, perchance from spit;
The frothing can is pledged in token shrewd;
Then follow homely merriment and wit,
Till brats, trulls, bullies join the hubbub rude,
And cups are turned to clubs, and merriment to feud.

XLII.

Anon what fearful shrieks and shouts arise,
And timid passer-by with dread appal;
War echoes from the cellar to the skies,
Curs bark, cats squeal, and startled infants squall,
The smitten foe reels backward to the wall;
Tears, tears of blood, the uncapp'd nymph appease,
Which from the indentures of her talons fall.
But truce! come Bow-men, beadles, men of peace;
The tumult stills again, and war and discord cease.

XLIII.

But turn, my gentle Muse, and gentler Bride,
From scenes like these for virgin-eyes unmeet.
Ay, if ye knew, ye e'en would turn aside
From yon enchantress fair, whose smile so sweet,
Seems all mankind in charity to greet.
Sad is her cheek beneath the pigment pale,
And all her heartless pleasures pass her fleet;
Ah, could I now a-read her future tale,
'T were woe, disease, and want, and sharp remorseful bale!

XLIV.

Oh! for you insect shivering in the breeze,
Who from the ever-pervious hotel
Creeps forth, at every passing cloud to freeze—
That still he lives, his careless friends to tell.
Alas! Sir Fopling, cans't thou take farewell
Of all that thou hast been long time bereft?
Of which this town has heard the funeral knell—
Figure and fortune, fame and fashion deft,
And mind—if ever thine—have long thy shadow left.

XLV.

To read a lesson to the vain and gay,
Daring preceptor! he abroad doth stroll:
But who infers the moral of to-day?
A jostling elbow, or the first rude pole
Perchance Sir Fopling in the dust shall roll,
To rise no more.—His counterpart is seen
Slow verging in yon coach to the same goal;
A favourite idoliz'd, so long between,
Since then a hundred reigns have seem'd to intervene.

XLVI.

Her the broad-shouldered lacqueys that surmount
The gilded hearse, daily within encase,
Who of their speedy sables make account,
Whilst one more round they wheel her to the place
Of triumphs past. Her pains she tries to chase,
With palsy and politeness round to bend:
All thought their leaves already ta'en with grace,
Prepared their coaches in her train to send,
And as they jeer her living, mock her to the end.

XLVII.

The country now its annual shoal hath sent,

Till the meandering channel overflows.

Within their cells the dormant winter pent,

Soon as the genial air of spring-time blows,

The cearment of th' aureliæ to unclose,

At nature's renovated charms they scoff;

Sought in her gloomiest hours with furrowed brows,

When breathing damp and cold, and ache and cough,

Away they flutter now, their russet scales slough'd off.

XLVIII.

Come, let us join in Fashion's easy pace!

Gregarious now the fluttering tribe abound;

Fom day to day, at this same hour and place,
Instinctively they skim their favourite round,

Of all the countless streets none other found
Politely throng'd; (5) all to the giddy scene
Escaping hitherward with thundering sound,
Till the full tide of fashion wheeling in,

They follow in the wake, to see and to be seen.

XLIX.

The hackney, once a vehicle of state,

Doth seldom here with shabby jades intrude,
Once through the Mall admired—now obsolete
Of model, huge inside and altitude,
Men marvel taste could e'er have been so rude,
Long since cast off, and he that drives it too—
With harness patch'd, and garter'd arms subdued,
(Though in their place stand ciphers wise and true)
He with unliveried coat now waits on me and you.

T.,

Its younger brother too, with lustre brief,
Shall round St. James's roll its glittering sheen;
Then robb'd of jetty gloss and red relief,
Be what ours is, as ours like it hath been.
Now yonder see the harlequin-machine!
Touch the nice spring, and ope the body flies,
And heaven's best gift there smiling sits serene;
Whilst hanging o'er his team with conscious eyes,
Her careless lord their laud resoundeth to the skies.

LI.

Here from Love's armoury the nymph selects
New weapons for her war. First, waving low
The plumy crest she culls, as best affects
Her easy faith, now crescent, crosslet now
To raise the evening standard on her brow—
Her tresses full by band or turban braced—
Or fillet held by golden tines bright row;
Then nicely she adapts the cestus chaste,
As fits the corslet's ribs around her slender waist.

LII.

To tempt her on a cunning chapman tries,
And cabinet and casket nice doth ope:
But ah! fair maiden, with thine own bright eyes,
The rarest jewels, man can never cope;
Then ever mildly beam upon him Hope.
She spreads the veil that softens down her bloom,
And o'er her form flings the full envelope,
The warp and woof of India's richest loom,
Of dye the murex drinks in Ocean's deepest womb.

LIII.

Before the flattering mirror see her stand,
The angel there reflected homaging;
In playful guise she waves her 'kerchief'd hand,
She bows, it bows,—one parting glance they fling;
Then her small page she bids her treasure bring.
The sun is out; the silken shields unfold:
Now, Caroline, thine own umbrella (6) spring,
For down the regimental street behold
One canopy of green the light militia hold.

LIV.

But lo! the busy troops 'gin disappear,
As calls Sir Oracle or Master Squib; (7)
We follow, still attendant in the rear,
To rival schools of elocution glib;
This ready perch'd to pour his oily fib,
And gloss to easy faith his spurious ware:
The playful knight would shock his lady-rib;
Scorning to start, the heroine keeps her chair,
Whilst pupils less devote, faint, shriek, or wildly stare.

LV.

Sure, 't is Minerva's self! that manly form
Which comes with pale grey eye, and fire-red locks;
That high cheek-bone hath braved the northern storm,
And all the smell and flash of sulphur mocks;
See, as she strides the bench, those silvery clocks,
O'er her thin ancle the blue hose adorn;
Still on she strides, and nought the virgin shocks,
Such air by modern Amazon is worn,
And all false maiden-shame she flouteth back with
scorn.

LVI.

She gains her wonted place with one last stride—
The critic-seat is her's in upper-room;
Her loosen'd helmet now she lays aside,
Pale from th' alembic is she newly come:
Those gloves (8) she draws give exquisite perfume
Of potent otto, essences unbought:
Wisdom or war alike her orbs illume;
And in those parallels sits pallid thought,
Deep in her arched brow by time and study wrought.

LVII.

Now much the master prates, deep-reasoning soph,
Of perishable matter uncreate,
And at man's labour more than God's doth scoff,
Of all his works he prophesies the fate.
"Of this great town," he cries, "or soon or late,
All decomposed, no vestige shall remain,—
Arch, abbey, temple, tower, the change await,
By chemic air reduced to dust again;
Nought, nought of stone or brick shall long its place
maintain.

LVIII.

"The mighty Minster in the West shall fall,
Already is the work of clime begun;
Thy doom shall topple, too, Corinthian Paul!
See the walls peel before wind, rain, and sun,
And Bacon's demigods lie crush'd, undone;—
Thou, but for this, should'st my effigies have;
Mammon, thy palaces a heap of stone
Become; and Carlton's mansion (9) its own grave,
Nor all the graceless gods shall the Pantheon save!

LIX.

"Short-fated London! all thy glories past,
Soon to thy native swamp shalt thou return:
With map in hand our grandsons seek the waste,
As o'er lost Troy and Tadmor travellers mourn;
I see devouring time eat all in turn.
But lo! yon block my native quarries (10) yield:
Might I the world with some vast work adorn,
Such my materials, and unstint the field,
My everlasting fame and monument I'd build."

LX.

Ay, write his prophecy of doom and dole,
And add to all his sapient say, Amen:
Then burn me up the nonsense-scribbled scroll;
Let houses, churches, tumble all,—what then?
Hands, brick and stone there be to built again.—
Better than this that other pulpiteer,
Tuning his well-feed voice as Henly, when
He mounts his tub in his museum near,
And spreads his classic mould, and captures eye and
ear.

LXI.

Hear then the rival orator descant
Of toe Herculean, Sphynx's fangless claw,
The prize of proud scavant or dilletante;
"Ah! see that scenic vizor's broken jaw:
Yes, once its merry face the people saw
With laughter like its own; how doth it weep
Its nasal knob in Time's insatiate maw,
With sole eye blear'd! This did Pompeii keep
In flood of molten fire, engulfed five fathoms deep.

LXII.

"This lovely mould, the traveller's rich reward,—Perchance from Thebes it came or Babylon,
Or, happier thought! perchance from this same shard,

Was Clytus pledged by Ammon's tipsy son,
Ere the rash deed of manslaughter was done;
Or at that feast Belshazzar gave his lords
'Twas broke, by some inebriate satrap thrown:
Ah, no! those cups were gold, we have the words
Of holy writ, which all should own good proof affords.'

LXIII.

Thus he, the orator, loud plaudits cheer
From the fair benchers round. Then stretching forth
With graceful ease a Phidian nose or ear,—
"If such the remnant, loss of so great worth
All must lament: but more that never north
Did Phidias come, such models to survey
As bless these eyes,—making a heaven on earth."
He bows; and takes some bauble in its turn,
Brittle as beautiful,—jar, ewer, cup, or urn. (11)

LXIV.

Right well the cunning master knows to raise
The wishful thought, and catch the longing eye;
And soon excites by easy faith his praise,
Keen competition for the curious toy;
And having caught one bird in the decoy,
Another and another follows fast.
He leads the climax, and with smother'd joy,
As clamorous notes ascend with breathless haste
Awaits the awful pause, and lifts his hand at last.

LXV.

'Twas all a feint! nor yet the final rap:
Another nod delights—'t is silence all!
Twice, thrice, he warns us:—ah! that gentle tap,
Soft as his periods did his hammer fall.
You moon-faced wight bears off the prize to call
The critic eye to scan the thing with scorn.
The verdict soon returned—its worth how small;
The sentence—whence it came that it be borne
To alley lumber-shop, some future sale t' adorn.

LXVI.

Hence, let's away! The pictured walls invite
Our labouring steps to storied chamber high;
And well do they the painful toil requite,
As we ascend the mountain to descry
The widening view that spreads beneath the eye.
Now here for once the flatterer's art be mine;
Nor one reproachful, jealous look fear I,
E'en from the speaking glance of Caroline,
In admiration lost amid the goodly shine.

LXVII.

Are such thy transcripts, Nature? Do such gleams
Burnish the glittering pane and parapet,
In summer-eve at Sol's departing beams?
Thus does old Ocean smile at soft sunset,
With youthful face, unwrinkled by a fret,
Save by the loitering bark or rippling wave,
When hauls the fisherman his dripping net?
And thus will he against that good ship rave,
And crew, and freight, and all, o'erwhelm in one
wide grave?

LXVIII.

Thus does the wintry rime candy the spray
And bristle up the blade! The snow descend,
And on the thatch itself so lightly lay,
Till it grow double, and the boughs depend
With leaf and fruit, at Lammas as they bend?
Does the blithe plowman ever drive a-field
His team so geared? so cheerful doth he tend
His gathering flocks? And does the cottage yield
Such cleanliness and fare, and such contentment
shield?

LXIX.

Ay, such thy blushing charms, caught by the eye
Of rapt enthusiast, with bright colouring,
In happy moment, ere the rainbow fly
With hues prismatic; or when young day-spring
Its colder light o'er this mild zone doth fling
Mid mists of morn; or when the sun doth seem
With ruddier glow its ray of evening
To shoot oblique;—such the refracted gleam
On the pond's rippled face of jasper-pale moonbeam.

LXX.

And such the mirror of the wide blue seas,
When motionless the vessel lags in shore:
The weary helmsman courts the distant breeze,
And luffs the flagging sheet, and plies once more
The unstayed tiller. Such th' astounding roar
Drowning the shriek, the frequent plunge i' th' wave
Of the spent mariner, and dash of oar,
Plank, beam, mast, yard let down sad life to save,
When fearfully sublime the mountain billows raye.

LXXI.

But whoso would enjoy the truth of Art

Must Nature love; and oft at early light

From couch of indolent repose must start,

And climb to meet the sun—the rugged height,

Chasing the vapoury relics of the night,

And giving ruddy health a look more hale;

Must brave the flaky shower, as did the wight

Whose stiffening joints—the deep perspective vale

Half-sketched—compell'd him home, chilled fingers

to regale;

LXXII.

Must love by humid ray, the shade to catch
Of object half-defined,—of dotterel old,
Stretching its last grey arm o'er moss-grown thatch,
Or roof of village church; and pleased behold—
Illiterately lettered o'er with gold—
The churchyard monuments of village pride;
And o'er the stile—his evening duty toll'd—
That Ancient crawling home; must learn beside
What may the rustic race of good or ill betide,

LXXIII.

Their labours, sports, attire; their meals, how rich!

O, work-won appetite, and relish keen

Of curdling egg embrown'd, and streaky flitch:

These are the magic of the pencill'd scene—

E'en Paradise unpeopled nought had been.

Let but the artist set the boy astride,

Whilst he that swings the gate is slyly seen

To jerk his playmate off, in turn to ride,

And he shall gazers win, by loveliest landscape cloy'd.

LXXIV.

Well may she catch thine eye, the goddess-shaped,
Whose ravishing and ravished beauty struck
The spark of war that, fast enkindling, wrapt
Immortal Troy in flames. Her living look,
And love-suffused blush at once rebuke
And palliate his delay; his stay she chides,
But loves his safety too. The master-stroke
Of him it proves, who o'er this school presides,
Whom still the historic muse close at his elbow guides.

LXXV.

Full in his fancy's clare-obscure arise

The summon'd forms, by patient sculptor won,

Till passion sparkled in the master's eyes,

And glow'd his bosom for th' embrace of stone.

But long have these symmetric graces shone

In the bright mirror of true poesy.—

Whose the proud stamp of nature's favour'd son?

His in whose soul her highest gifts agree—

Imagination, truth, taste, order, harmony.

LXXVI.

Too faultless Greece! clime of the oval face!
Thy nose, with even ridge ascending, lost
In the sloped forehead, ever do we trace;
Still the raised chin, curl'd lip, thy beauty's boast,
As sisters differ, differing at most;
Still the same charms thy drapery reveals,
Charms which academician may not trace
Unmoved. Apelles to Campaspé kneels,
Subdued by his own art,—and all the Lover feels.

LXXVII.

Let Britain's fair the British school adorn:
To grace our sides, and charm the festive ball,
And bless the nuptial couch, her daughters born;
Ay, let them have our admiration all,
Enrich the gilded panel, painted hall,
With loveliness reflected. Such these are:
The beauteous galaxy our own we call,
Expressive more as more irregular
In feature, shade and shape, and living character.

LXXVIII.

Say, does the perfect face, in all the same,
Delight, distract the eye, the soul, the taste,
As here? where, who will dare the fairest name;—
Or is there magic in the zoneless waist,
Or robe succinct, beyond the mateau chaste?—
And are they like? Lo! then the floor around
Shines with as bright a constellation graced.
Here should the painter group, tho' choice abound,
I deem my little star would in his heaven be found.

LXXIX.

Genius whate'er it gild with fervid lamp,
Whatever walk delight, it shall have praise;
New, bold, and striking, it will give its stamp
Authentic,—blazon'd by its own clear rays;
Bright, as in West, in Wilkie see it blaze!—
Peeping, with eye askance, the cunning clown
In corner used his neighbour's trumps surveys,
Whilst the knit brow with well-dissembled frown,
Makes plea of poverty, to keep unguess'd his own.

LXXX.

The bumpkin's confidence and witless joy,
His hand betraying and his shallow pate,
Yet marvelling in the midst of standers-by,
Who split with laughter at his luckless fate.
Behold the piece, with care elaborate,
And studious art, yet free and spirited:
See how its happy touches captivate!
'T is all thine own, though Teniers might precede,
More merit, Wilkie, thine, that master to succeed.

LXXXI.

Alas for Morland! Ah! no longer here,—
Thy easel, brush, and palette hang forlorn,
Like helm and breastplate, gauntlet, greaves and
spear,

O'er his proud tomb, by whom they once were worn;
The veriest Burns wast thou, from night to morn.
Low-born, did each his way to honour win,—
Low-bred, was each of all good men the scorn;
Held down by habit of debasing sin,—
Unruly power of thirst! each shamed his origin.

LXXXII.

His part upon the public stage assign'd,
Full well did each perform, and prompter none
He needed, but reliance on his mind
Intuitive and strong. Applause they won,
And mightily did please the looker-on.
But merely players they,—where feebler men
Are loved,—in life's good part they dwindled down;
And with this sorry praise went off the scene—
"That loss of better men had less lamented been."

LXXXIII.

Not so did Opie! Nature's child was he;

She gave him genius, chance awarded fame:

Blind goddess! well I ween thou then didst see.

Walcot, (11) be this thy praise, whate'er thy blame,
That thou the base didst lay of Opie's name;
When for his earliest sketch the urchin chose,
Nodding beside the earth that ancient dame
Who gave him birth, with tube that fumed her nose,
The etherial spark thou saw'st, which bright in genius
glows;

LXXXIV.

That spark which 'lumed obscurity's dull vault,
Thou sett'st upon this eminence to shine.
What followed—whose the merit, whose the fault,
I seek not; neither to recount be mine,
The many labours of his art divine;
Him shall some chronicler biographize;
But her that bore him in her slow decline,
I heard in tremulous treble vaunt her prize,
Grateful to him for all—when light had left her eyes.

LXXXV.

We praise the dead; and let the just applause
The living pencil stir to emulate:
But certes, here it is withouten cause,
And odious, where the youthful candidate
Steps forth for fame, to check his hope elate,
By hard comparison with old repute;
Or that to cherish which to full estate
Has grown in public grace; yet me would suit
Prolixity of praise, far better than be mute.

LXXXVI.

What boots it then in my unskilful verse,
That I appraise thy taste, poetic Shee,
Who better say'st in thine own numbers terse,
What the right rule of portraiture should be;
Or Lawrence—thy Siddonian dignity;
Or Owen's strength, or Woodford's classic air;
Or dark infernal power of Fuseli;
Or Bourgeois' tepid tint in sunset glare;
Or Daniel's orient light, or Westall's landscape fair!

LXXXVII.

O! 'tis the limner's curse to work for hire,

The veriest slave is he of vulgar whim;—

To clothe in courtly garb th' uncourtly squire,

To animate with life and spirit him

Who sprawls and smiles upon his consort slim,

Whilst round them sprawl their chubby cherubs all;

The garb and face municipal to limn.

Joy Beachy, Hopner! when High Ammiral

Demands thy truth, or lo! our glorious Mareschal.

LXXXVIII.

Suspended high, or lowly seek the floor,
Around the wall full many a young assay,
Which yet the critic's ken may not endure,
Though fair the promise of some future day:
Here Jenny pipes her e'e to Robin Gray,
There Matthews tripartite in sober fun;
Parrots and puppy-dogs—and donkeys bray;
Romantic cottage-door, and dog and gun;—
And blazing all on fire the castle flouts the sun.

LXXXIX.

Cheap fare the food of merit, honest praise,
And such alone can give my simple mind,
Unversed in rules of art and technic phrase;
Whilst the spruce gentleman that skips behind
From place to place, propitious light to find,
Whose speech oracular all marvelling hark,
Whilst modestly he helps his sight purblind,
Wastes on mine ear his shrewd and learn'd remark;
So learn'd it seems to me in tongue unknown and
dark.

XC.

Sweet to the lab'ring man the hour of noon,
Brief hour of rest, and of reflection brief,
Restoratives of life, to vanquish soon
Th' unfinish'd toil: so sweet to him relief
Of short cessation, whose employment chief
Is to retrace the scenes of pleasure past,
And hours of impress soft; nor free from grief
The reminiscence, if not cheered with taste
Of present happier days and bliss that still may last.

XCI.

And sweet to him the pause, whose courtesy
Well nigh exhaust, attends my wandering line.
Ah me! perchance such wight there may not be;
And wisdom whispers—hence the task decline.
But no! my faith is pledged to Caroline;
Her smile I court, and smile beside who will:
My stanza whilst she bids I intertwine.
Proud to obey, I seek her pleasure still;
If she disdain it not, will I the task fulfil.

CANTO II.

Į,

When spread in ancient hall with goodly state,
To welcome guests, the hospitable board;
Ah! when shall proud saloon of modern date
Change its cold cheer, and welcome warm afford?—
O'er the long feast presided the good lord,
And onset fierce he saw, and ardent haste,
Th' incision deep, and draught from cup well
stored;

Till mourn'd the lordly dish, the hideous waste,

And appetite appeased, gave time for varying taste;

TT.

Then lists the ear to loud applausive voice
Of distant cate, and roves th' inquiring eye:
The work proceeds, till doubtful hangs the choice
Between contending sweets, remote or nigh,
Provoked by costly luxe, and beverage high.
Thus, bent o'er this wide town, the various treat
For every sense full richly to enjoy,
With rapid choice, we turn through many a street
To objects unselect, and as we chance to meet.

III.

Nor wearied soon of this right pleasant way,

And little heeding what doth most invite,

With promissory prologue through the day,—

The day foreshortened of its pure delight.

Fresh morrows bring fresh shows. But, lo! the night,

Bright with ten thousand stars, whose lustre soon Eccentric, fix'd, revolving dims the light Of Hesperus, and the pale crescent moon, Proclaiming near at hand gay dissipation's noon. IV.

But thou, sweet nymph! by thine own Helicon,
That late wast wooed by thy Pilgrim-Childe:
He now hath left thee for some favoured one,—
Haply the East a Peri fair doth yield;
And Harold with her happiness would build;
Though joy from woman-kind he would not seek,
And save of thee, no love his bosom fill'd:
So seem'd he in his loveless song to speak,
Ay, leave him now awhile in playfulness or pique.(13)

v.

'Tis always so when youthful Bard indites
Aught his disdain or liberty to prove:
With arrow-point doth Cupid straightway write
The sentence dread, without appeal, to love;
And well for him if humble suit doth move,
Couch'd in the veriest tongue of slavery.
Ah! all in vain that hardy lord long strove:
He bends!—successful may his courtship be,
And crowned as the Bard, with full felicity!

٧ı

And wilt thou, then, on lowly wight like me,
Whilst amorous suit and service him engage,
Deign a capricious smile from thine arch eye,
And shed one ray of lustre o'er his page?
Gay route, and merrie masque, and comic rage
That fumes away its hour, and mockery
Of that vast, epicene, exotic stage:—
These are my themes if favoured by thee:
Ah! turn thou not aside in scorn or cruelty.

VII.

In courtly garb, we join the courtly show,
And, if not more than inky suit befit,
Whilst yet a Bridegroom, what if once a beau,
With crop implicit, 'mid spruce rows to sit,
Where spreads its area vast, devouring Pit.
Well does my Love consult none other taste;
That simple style is loveliest if it fit,
And what becomes gives fashion. Toilette chaste
Unstudied, ever best unstudied manners graced.

VIII.

Great Jove! it is a glorious sight to see!

Scant thine own heaven did more delight thine eyes,
When all around thy fabled progeny,
On cloud o'er cloud, upcircling through the skies,
Sat o'er that peccant god in mock assize,
When mirthful titter through th' assembly ran;
God, goddess, demigod, in order rise,
Whilst that old smooge-faced limping artisan
Impleads his merry cause before the light divan.

IX.

So circling head o'er head, and tier o'er tier,
Up through the dome, from pit to canopy,
Rise the gay rounds of lords and ladies fair;
Knights, dames, and gentles of more low degree,
And gallant youths and lovely nymphs there be,
Sparkling in brilliancy of eye and gem,
In goddess-like, unconscious nudity.

Censor! would'st thou such innocence condemn? Full carnal are thy thoughts, it is not so with them.

x.

Rise from the floor the gay columnal lights,
And trembling lustre on bright mirror plays,
Shines the broad star upon the sash-bound knights,
And grand-cross mingles its diverging blaze,
And ribbon'd croslets with diminish'd rays,
On the brave breast of bold companions glow:
Vain-glorious war! thy decoraments are these,
Y-gazed amid the hydra-headed row:
Spectators here I deem are most attractive show.

XI.

And lo! our charioteer himself is there;
Gay is the man of Ton—his drab is doff'd,
And braced his waist, as stay of lady fair,
His manners soften'd and his whispers soft,
And classically kempt his glossy hair,
Sure sign that classic wit indwelleth there:
But ill-assorts with this well-chasten'd mien
Hebraic whiskers, an enormous pair!
He bows and opes his pouncet-box between,
And tuck'd beneath his arm his hat's profile is seen.

· XII.

He who that living gem, the sparkling eye,

Deep in its ivory orbit did encase,

Beneath the brow's impending safeguard, why,

And for what purpose there did He it place?

Was it to note, compare, dissect, embrace,

Through lens transpicuous, on the mind profound

By trembling nerve its images to trace?

And the quick ear to drink expressive sound,

Within such news t' announce thro' involuted round?

XIII.

Such sentinels were here full well amused:
But hard, I ween, their task to make report
Of dazzling lights, and colours all confused,
Of gay and grave, old, young—that ill assort,
And Folly in her own peculiar forte,
With hideous dumb-shew, and unknown the cause,
With mad gesticulation, limbs distort,
And cheeks inflated, or distended jaws,
Quavering the signal shrill for vain, unfelt applause.

XIV. .

Hark to the mighty crash that peals again!
At once all kinds of instruments resound,
As when the provinces on Dura's plain
Heard the great Paynim tyrant's signal-sound
Command the idol worshippers around,
From cymbal, sackbut, shawn, and trumpet loud:
But all is hush'd! Oh! what shall next astound?
Lo! every head in dumb expectance bow'd,
Forth Catalani comes—the idol of the crowd!

XV.

One sole musician o'er the trembling strings
Tweedles to her prelusive warble well;
Soft as Æolian harping, or when sings
To listening eve, the songstress Philomel
Her artful proem. Soon with gradual swell
And deepening intonation bursts the song.
Now pours the melody with potent spell,
Full, yet restrain'd, so clear and yet so strong,
We yield to the rich stream, and float the tide along.

XVI.

With magic ease she leads th' enchanted sense
From bar to bar, and stop to stop at will,
Till at the diapason's rich suspense
We wait the trembling cadence—echoing still,
The charm yet incomplete,—the piercing trill
Distends the larynx till the dome resounds;
(O! exquisite ad libitum of skill!)
Reverberate on the ear the rapturous sounds,
Amidst applauding thunders peal on peal rebounds.

XVII.

Sweet is thine air, and honeyed thy throat,
And bravely dost thou cross the boisterous seas,
On painful wing, t'exchange thy lofty note,
For such as England scantily repays.
Yes, bird of Italy! thou hast my praise,
(But ill the place of sense by sound is fill'd,)
Nathless is lost the burden of thy lays
On us;—again we haunt the grove and field,
Contented with the strains their doric songsters yield.

XVIII.

To grove and field, and heath-spread upland air,
But little these the appetite refine;—
Then cheat us not with such camelion fare,—
Would Englishmen on macaroni dine?
And thou, dread tyrant, in thine own best line,
Kemble, would'st thou our genuine products dash,
And on the slender messes see us pine,
Of German water-gruel, Gallic hash,
Vile, ill-concocted orts of Continental trash?—

XIX.

Behold once more renowned Drury smile,
Worthy the god that from its summit fell,
Temple transcending far that flagrant pile,
Worthy wherein again that god may dwell;
Worthy the bard that here hath charmed so well,
Worthy triumphant praise of Byron's line,
Worthy the circling charms of British belles,
That round the dome a zone of jewels shine,
Like that bright starry way that doth heaven's girt
confine.

XX.

Shakspeare thou lovest, dost thou not disdain
And nauseate such ill fare? Ay, 'tis the town,
That mob depraved—dull, idle, tasteless, vain—
That lingers for the meal, and gulps its down.
But are there none? Yes; multitudes, when known
That rarely comes th' invigorating treat.
This truth, alas! has hope-sick Tobin shown:
His is The Honeymoon, for ever sweet,
Still followed, zested, fresh, if night by night repeat.

XXI.

Here then let us th' obstreperous scene enjoy,—
By contrast?—says that churl Philosophy,
Which seeks content from other men's annoye:—
Sage Rochefaucault, thy maxim I deny,
Though wittily Dean Swift doth it apply:—
Nay, nay, man's heart is not so very naught.
Less blest were we, if all full happily
Wooed the blithe hours, and fleeting pleasure caught,
Blessed as ourselves? Avaunt! the base ungenerous thought.

XXII.

She plays it to the life! Ye lofty dames,
Look on this would-be duchess' mimic pride!
Why this poor player's gay ambition shames
Your topmost, stately, and o'erweening stride:
To act your haughty tone is to deride.
How easily assumed the air of life!
But rarely won—in sooth, how rarely tried—
The amiable address of humble wife,
Affectionate and gay, avoiding ceaseless strife.

XXIII.

Right well he plays the man, his tyrant hour, (14)
And more obedient homaging doth get,
Than in his ducal dignity and power;—
Such is the cottage-king's dominion; yet
'T is hard to separate the coronet
From the proud wearer; but when bideth he
The abstract, and is on dissection great,
It were unchivalrous and sour to me,
To scout the worship due to his highly heraldry.

XXIV.

Ah! bold emprize to tame the bitter shrew,
Her wayward and capricious spirit to bend,
As if the vane which waved when Auster blew,
Would ne'er itself to biting Eurus lend.
Curb, lash, and bit, the restive jade may mend;
But when the termagant has triumph'd oft,
(And in sweet courtship, who dare then offend!)
What means, but means by gallant manhood scoff'd,
Could ever her subdue, and make her kind and soft?

XXV.

Touch me the symphony of gentler chord,
Give me the mild of eye, and tongue and mien:

Kate, I would take not thy repentant word,
When wrought to fondness by entreatment keen.
Less curst of heart, is Kate? not so, I ween.
Beshrew me but I've seen the man whose blade
Fierce in the battle-hour had foremost been,
Who bravely dared the utmost of his trade,
Sue most inglorious peace before th' incessant jade.(15)

XXVI.

From gayer scene by conscious sense debarr'd,—
Let the gay crowd enjoy their gaudy night,—
Scarce ingress there could find an humble bard:—
Yes, he has drunk of such intense delight,
And might, did sweeter blessing not invite,
With his own partner, join the passing stream;
But what forbids, if spleen do not indite,
To turn an easy stanza on the theme,
Supplied by Fame's loud trump, or Fancy's brilliant
dream?

XXVII.

When wearied mortals sink in welcome sleep,
Then is this lofty world's meridian high:
They with their antipodes their revels keep—
People of other hemisphere and sky.
Now through the streets gay equipages fly
From spacious Place and proud palatial Square,
In quick succession glittering swiftly by,
'Gainst burning gas and flambeaux dazzling flare
Flashing their doubled lights, the bright reflectors
glare.

XXVIII.

Westward the titled dome or palace gate
The multitude with sounding names beset;
And there in turn, till the blockade retreat,
Wait royal crest, crown, plume, or coronet:
Ah, gentles! it were all in vain to fret:
The unpartition'd house is cramm'd within,
As with the jarring wheels th' impervious street,
Nor less of elbowing politely seen:
Warm is the welcome, then, to this attractive scene.

XXIX.

Who would not there be found? High route 'tis now:
How honour'd the proud mistress of the squeeze!(16)
From all she takes the used obeisant bow,
And regulates to all by due degrees
The faint or graceful reverence of her knees.
What more? Much pleasure waits the circling throng;

And, might we rustic things compare with these, Not ours unlike the joys that here belong, But too refined, perchance, for my uncourtly song.

XXX.

Thus many a maze they take around the room,
And wearily through ranks disordered stray,
Till soft settee and rose-bud's sweet perfume
Arrest them on their pleasurable way,
To list some warbling syren's luscious lay—
Is the gay spangled mead, or untrain'd bower
Of intertwining boughs more pleasing say,
Than rich festoon, loose-hung, or crayon'd floor,
Mosaically wrought with fair devices o'er?

XXXI.

But when with ceremony bade to come,
And dinner waits, and guests are waiting too;
Then formal all we quit the drawing-room,
Each in his place still keeps procession due,
And so the grave, important work pursue:
But here informal all,—all mingle in,—
No fear lest supper cool—refreshing view!
Swift towards the valves behold the rush begin!
Sounds the patrician throng with democratic din.

XXXII.

This to the fête gives fashion, spirit, zest:—
So here doth our long simile conclude.
That health robust from dull, unbroken rest,
In matin-hour and sun and air imbued,
And meals devour'd at noon with hunger rude,
Unenvied we may keep:—their better taste—
The delicate complexion all subdued
By chaster waxlight; and as pure as chaste,
The well suffused cheek—th' attenuated waist.

XXXIII.

Meanwhile the Censor of th' inverted times
Cracks his satiric cord, and raves amain;
Much deprecateth he our playful rhymes,
Whilst moral indignation fires his strain:
What cause he hath, I judge not to complain;
Thus on the gay assembly hear him call:—
"Oh how the reek of vice the air doth stain!(17)
Hither, ye saints from Edmund's saintly hall,
Come, pour your vials out at well-bred route or ball.

XXXIV.

"Ah! where is fied the matron's sacred name!
Once decent, blushing, chaste as chastest bride:
But never be it deign'd th' adulterous dame—
At slightest trespass rose her modest pride,
That grace the guardian of all grace beside:
Whilome its semblance wore the wanton she,
But e'en the vizor now ye cast aside:
So far all well—from that bad habit free;—
Thou gauzy cheat, avaunt!—thin-webb'd hypocrisy!

XXXV.

"Beauty and Virtue once their colours chose,
And mingled them upon the maiden cheek,
The lily this, and that the vermeil rose,
And neither triumph'd on the wearer meek:
But if did rudeness her resentment seek,
Her herald-mantle quick did virtue spread,
And o'er the white did eloquently speak;
Flushing with injured pride indignant red,
O'eraw'd the libertine, who e'en from beauty fled.

XXXVI.

"But now do these conspiring colours vie,
And with the white contends the blushing rose,
Not to repress, but to provoke the eye,
Nor longer in the cause of virtue glows;
The Paphian queen to each her triumph owes,
And each with critical exactness blends;

Away her ruby-target Virtue throws,
And her false colours to the goddess lends,
And red and white are now in lawless loving friends.

XXXVII.

"How profit by your gay examplars they?—
Pleased do ye see your rising rivals come?—
No,—grieved, vex'd, shamed, ye marktheir growing sway,

And in their triumph read your hastening doom:—

Is it for this ye taught them to presume,—

Defily to play the smile, the glance, the twirl, (38)

To tread with martial step th' admiring room?—

Alas! ye were what now is that vain girl,

Who from her sovereign height doth her protectress whirl.

XXXVIII.

"And well for those are such accomplish'd wives,
Who nought but personal perfection wed:
In freedom are they train'd to live their lives,
And not for calm domestic circle bred,
Where on the heel's light sway, usurps the head,
Where in the lonely walk, and evening long,
The mind is call'd her lasting stores to spread,
And the light heart to harmony is strung
Of other strains than those of pipe and dance and song.

XXXIX.

Morals and manners!(19) once ye were the same,—
But synonyms of one translated word
Of practical effect,—the common name
Of mental purity and its accord;
These, without those, did merit none afford:
Such were the manners rightly called well-bred,
Known by that ever-during, fixed record,
O'er Winton's gates by graceless tyro read,
When he of Wykeham hight did break old Priscian's
head!

XL.

See now the spirit flown, the form remains,
The substance gone, the empty shadow rule;
Whilst moral shackles the gay world disdains,
Of manners it becomes the abject fool,—
Such is the discipline of modern school:
Thus passported safe, in and out they wend,
The sharper and his easy-natured tool;—
The half-shunn'd fair, and high-protecting friend,
And he, who Cato-like, is proud his wife to lend.

XLI.

The hundred who compose the crowd polite;
Dull expletives are they, withouten name,
The ekes and alsos such of every night,—
The formal chaperon and duenna-dame,
With half a dozen nymphs of slender fame,
Whom dangling master-miss does still obey,
Spinsters and dowagers, purblind and lame,—
At cards more punctual than at prayers are they,
Who ever and anon, I ween, for see-saw pray.

XLII.

Hail! then, blithe scene of easier access,
Of midnight revelry the rendezvous,
Whose joyaunce seek rich cits and proud noblesse,
Peopled alike from palaces and stews;
High, low, grave, gay, pure, impure, you refuse
None, who one drop of that same shower the god
Rained through the roof of Danae's tower produce:
His valet jogs the peer, none think it odd,
In saturnalia safe, nor fears he here the rod.

XLIII.

All privileged alike, and all unknown,

Quaint is the garb—of humour quaint good lack—
And needful armour, where the gauntlet's thrown.

Thus struts in silken doublet, bully Jack,—
Stuffed to the dewlap, see the vapid pack:
Ask ye the merry knight the ready jest?

Hear it! He bellows loudly for his sack:
Ah! wretched profanation! Bard unblest!

Why, e'en de Coverley, not sacred now thy rest!

XLIV.

Lank-haired and lean of visage, scarcely him
Who with loud cant would all our senses stun,
Or his red gills beneath umbrageous brim,
Ye can burlesque, albeit, in sinful fun;
Well may ye mock their worship who have none,
And, though in masquerade, their cheat unmask.
But let not harm that holy cause be done
By wit, that would its base professor task:
Yea, meeter knaves, I deem, might in this radiance
bask.

XLV.

Such, in torn plight, and lapetted around,
With works contained in one long narrow page,
The humblest votaries of the Muse, who sound
The doleful strains of some sad pilgrimage,
Or she with crutched stick uplift in rage,
Prophetic Mother Goose, foretelling doom,
Sweet Dulcinia's peerless knight and page,
And Punchinello brandishing his broom,
Or grisly Lapland hag, who rides it round the room.(20)

XI.VI.

Tedious it were to tell th' unmeaning band
Grotesque in figure, witty but in dress,
Of vestals spotless from the laundress hand,
Of nuns, who all one order do profess,
Of piping swain, and maukish shepherdess,
Daphne or Delia, from the neighb'ring shop,
Sighing for aye, in amorous distress;
Of civic glutton, and suburban fop,
Who lamely play their parts, and homelier truth
would drop.

XLVII.

But why the virtuous, noble, grave, ye ask,
Who here unbend awhile in Pleasure's court,
Wear they the garb of folly, and her mask,
And not her cap and bells? Sure it were sport
To laughter-loving elves who here resort
To see the wise turn fools. If there be blame,
Why come they here? Let those of bad report
Drop the dark-masking beaver o'er their shame,
Gainers, howe'er mista'en—they change for better
fame.

XLVIII.

Unknown, and unrestrain'd, wit sparkles fast
As flint and steel flash; it indeed were so,
If jests for ever and for aye would last,
Or the razed memory took an impress new
Of the forgotten joke. Soon mirth's light crew
Grow malapert; the Frenchman's phrase i' th' ear
Of double acceptation, dull if true,
Impure if piquant, flies. If this be sheer.
The wit-inspiring god, his arrows shooteth here.

XLIX.

Words challenge words, and flashes glance to glance,
And parleying pairs anon are seen to meet,
And then to lighter airs anon advance
To join the dance with "many-twinkling" feet;
As if the passengers that crowd the street
On either side (so like things to compare)
Arrested stood at once, then cross to greet
Strange partners, leading off the motley fair
In most uncouth vagary. See them haply pair. (21)

The merry knight leads off his sweet Anne Page. Grand Sultan or Mogul, a willing slave, Sir Knight his laughing widow would salute, The man of soot a virgin of the sun; The monarch of Egyptia's wandering tribe Bewitching Mother Goose; and jealous Punch Who mark'd her for his own, shoulders his arms T' address himself to the Laplandish fair; The vagabond musicians shake their leaves, Like sibyls to the wind, and bid come forth The men of gallantry, the beau, and he Of martial air; the hippocratic wight (Whose full antipathy was all this fun) To the fair nun's solicitation vields: The bar-man by his eloquence invites The sighing shepherdess; and all unfeed The doctor feels an ancient maiden's pulse. Much merriment succeeds, and it might please The learned (22) sceptic well to see his plan Illustrated by such odd molecules danced To order by his god, unerring chance.—

Doubtful there are who do not always trust
To random partnership in this mad maze,
Apprised by hint of lily-waving hand,
Dependent handkerchief, or smother'd cough
Significant, whom the dark pasteboard hides.
Though 'tis not always best of friends detect
Each other in the dark; this tale to wit
Unsympathetic, but of moral point:—

Philogynes, a man whose actions squared
With every decent rule, well-bred, discreet,
Punctual in all affairs abroad,—at home
A model of domestic worth: but forced
From loved fireside too oft by hated calls
Imperative, there leaves his faithful love,
In confidence and honour both secure,
Both counting the slow hours they live apart.
She, though industrious, and of liberal mind,
Not unembellished, yet too often left
To draw on self-resource, grows tired of books,
And solitary needlework, or charms

Of music wasted on the desert room. She deigns to try Flippante's busy wit To trace away dull thought. Fertile of brain, Nor plagued with troublesome affected qualms, The privy councillor with small pains of thought Contrives an hour's amusement: -to the work Inquisitive they set,—to tumble o'er The trappings, now in lumber-room laid up, Which bachelor Philogynes adorned At ball or birthday,—folder and full suit, Sword-knot and silken bag;—and—luckless sight! The masque and domino. Inspired at once With captivating thought, the artful maid Euwraps her lady in the silken coil; And quick to penetrate the half-formed wish, With delicate and shrewd suggestion names The masquerade to-night; her master out, Till midnight at the soonest—and one hour Of harmless merriment can ne'er be sin. Few scruples, faint and forced, were soon o'ercome, And sure Flippante's auspices were safe

Twill not bear, And honourable youcher. Nor time allows, of cold petrific thought.-Behold them in the gay and light saloon! The lady unassured, with heart and steps Both willing to retreat, leans on the arm Of her conductress. She with nought at stake, Save her poor place,-which often changed, she knows Is no inheritance,—leads on, nor flies The smart encounter. Gallantry, farewell! If two fair masks unguarded long remain; Soon ardently addressed by other two, Who urge their prompt protection with such warm And persevering suit, that to decline Were vain to try. Pressed close, at length they break Their mute resolve,—but still in voice well feigned; Their masculine attendants, gay and bold, Gain fast in the pursuit. The speech gallant And tart reply are pass'd,—and—courage, ho! The lady ventures on the repartee. Times flies; and pass'd the limitary hour, Flippante warns her mistress, like the cock

Of coming morn the ghost. Though not impure Their bodies, yet too palpable were they To vanish unperceived; and now to leave Their followers were impossible unknown, Or unperceived. The candid truth they try, The best appeal to reason,—but in vain: The inexorable suitors heed it not. How near nice honour, reputation lost! They sit upon the hand that hastes to twelve, Momentous pivot! Still perforce detain'd, Warm'd by impassion'd plea, tempted, implored, Beyond the stretch of female cruelty, The lady half engages to unveil The dazzling charms, that must confirm the chains Of her new slave. He boldly bares his face, And stands the false Philogynes to view! The lady wonders not: she knew him well From first to last. But when his own rash hand Tore by consent the envious mask away, How stared Philogynes upon his wife!

But some have tried this lottery for a wife

With happier chance,—a chance I envy not. The Miss of twenty thousand is fair game. And here let loose is gallantly pursued: Amidst forbidden and enticing sweets, What marvel if she taste? With spirits fired. And passions not at rest, she lists the voice That whispers love, and disobedience sweet, And never-ending tyranny at home. Her senses in the giddy circle whirl'd, Now warmly press'd, and prudence off her post, The precious moments wasted, and to doubt Longer is to be lost,—she yields, she flies! With love and fear their pennons, such their speed. 'Twere vain th' attempt to intercept their flight.— No more the amorous pair on this side Tweed Are heard of,-till with leisurely return, They come on humble and repentant knees, To pray forgiveness, blessing, and—for gold.

How many temples to the goddess stand Pervious in their due season, which this Town, Idolatrous as Memphis, day by day, Throng, and their matins, vespers, vigils keep; The catalogue might swell a loftier verse, Of names to our vocabulary new, Of lexiphanic compound, and the lines Of our diurnal columns had been read With more intelligence by tonsors shrewd, The gossips once of Athens and of Rome: Lyceum, bitter sarcasm, calling in The merry audience to a puppet-show; Naumachia of pasteboard seventy-fours; And amphitheatre for low display Of Zany's stale hereditary jokes; Circus for race of broken-winded jades, And panorama, bright, illusive scene; Olympic area, and portentous forms Of dark phantasmagoria—magic name! With Gallic sans-pareil and sans souci, Misnomers most egregious!

Ever new
Seems pleasure, Proteus-shaped. We'll court her still

In all her forms, till zestless grow the sweets:
For sense becomes fastidious as the mind.
Who has not found London itself grow dull
And wearisome, still strolling round and round,
Till leisure languishes for the relief
Of occupation? He who treads the walk
Eternal of the fashionable Town,
Regards not with a more delighted eye
The chaste façade, which well adorns the House—
Fit mansion for a prince,—than that rude pile,
Misshapen, and unworthy Britain's Court.
In one short month, my love, in this same round
Have I grown spiritless, and stretch'd and yawn'd
At noon to conquer sleep, and marvell'd much
How half the idle world dispatch'd their hours.

In metropolitan and gorgeous state,
Rears this proud city her stupendous head
Amidst the country, that with bounteous hand
Ministers to her pride;—as the green isle
On which she sits supreme, erects her cliffs,

Surrounded by the tributary main. Long may she flourish! For it swells the heart With patriotic pleasure to survey The glories, private riches, public weal, Incorporated commerce, thriving trade And merchandize, and ever-crowded marts, Making the half of her amazing size One caravansera.—But these unsung Shall still remain: the pleasurable Muse Refrains her steps from ever-bustling streets, Where the press'd pebbles crash beneath the car Rudely oppress'd;—harsh music in her ear The crack of doubling whip and clattering wheels. She leaves to their pursuits those whom her song Would never charm—the votaries of gain.— Hence proudly overlooks the subject street That house of famed achievement, where presides In festive state their chief: hence spreads the chaste And graceful frontispiece, where lies within, And deep below, the richest mine on earth-The vast deposit and security

Of all the nation's wealth: hence rear'd the proud And costly palace of our Indian kings, Who stretch their sceptres over million slaves. Distant ten thousand leagues, so far away They hear not, nor redress their grievous wrongs. Hence ostentatious mansions lift their heads. Where misery and pain and madness dwell; And the admiring eye, captive without, Leaves not the heart to sigh for those within.-Too nobly sung by him, for meaner bard With faltering voice to echo, whose rich strains Match'd his proud subject, whilst his heart beat high, The Poet of the Seasons,—the proud stream On whose full refluent wave comes all the tide And influx of this treasure; down whose shores Stretches the wintry wood of masts and yards; And whose broad bosom belts the cumbrous bridge That chains with stony link in its embrace The wide-dissever'd country. Whence beheld The citadel which erst was the retreat Of lion-hearted chief, where waved the flag

Of valour and defiance, lion-wove;
And still where fiercely growls the living crest
Of Britain's royal arms—the royal beast;
Where seen the column, false as it is fair;
And emulative spires, and gorgeous fanes,
And over all thy dome-transcendent Paul—
Man's glorious offering to the God of Glory.

But the colossal statue spreads her charms,
At distance best admired, whence the coarse stroke
Of rudest sculpture, and the careless slur
And frequent blemish scarce offend the eye.—
That she is overgrown, and nodding fast
To her own downfal, crushing with her weight
The country that sustains her, might be true,
Were Britain's slender body only drain'd
To feed this mighty head. But if she stand
The capital and mart of half the world,
And draw her nourishment and her support
Far as her fleets can traverse, by no zone,
Frigid or fervid, by no straits or storms

Deterr'd from their adventurous pursuit.— What dread has she of hungering unfed?-There is a Hand in whose capacious palm This pensile globe, and all that it contains. And all that it inhabit, are no more Than the small pearl within the concave shell That gives it substance: this Almighty power May close the womb of the prolific earth,-May shut the gates of bounty from above-The first and latter rain; may bid the sun Upon the nations shed disastrous light; May take His counsel on this crowning place, Whose merchants are as princes, and the men Who traffic, th' honourable of the earth,-As heretofore against proud Tyre, to stain The pride of all her glory,—when her fleets Bent their white sails at Tarshish, and the gold Of Ophir o'er the Erethryan sea Tow'd to her port, and Sihor's fertile seed, The harvest of the river, fed her full. Long folded in his bosom, his right hand

God in judicial anger might pluck out, To shake this Queen of Cities to the base. Her palaces and her ten thousand streets;-And were the provocation, and the act Of bold offensive guilt, close by the stroke Of execution follow'd, as the crime By hasty justice done by man 'gainst man,-London had now survived an empty name, As Babel or Assyrian Nineveh. Or Zion oft forgiven-long foreborne. And where that fair and amiable place, The seat of mighty empire, and resort And fix'd abode of such a populous sum, Attracted and connected by the chains Which tie mankind—of interest and gain, Of pleasure, and pursuit of every act That honours or degrades, which lives preserved By its own purity;—that place is not: 'Tis under favour, therefore, that she is. Nor will I think with some that wrest the signs Of these eventful times, to suit the point

They purpose to establish,—that her power And her prosperity are only lent
Precursive to her downfal,—that her doom
May give more signal warning to the rest.
—More orthodox to argue her success,
Her splendour and her safety, as they are,
The bounties of His goodness, to dissolve
Her stony heart with gratitude for these,
To merit their continuance, and to touch
Her conscience with repentance for the past,
Such countless follies, vanities, and crimes,
Borne with unwearied patience; and to move
This happy mind in her—"to sin no more."

END OF PART I.

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THE HONEYMOON.

PART II. · · · · THE COUNTRY.

"Felices tu et amplius."

"And where the subject-theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon."

BOOK I.

'Tis at the altar weal or woe we find,
The richest blessing, or the bitterest curse
That flesh is heir to; and let those reflect
Who rear the double plant of happiness,
That as it springs from a disparted root,
So it must grow beneath the mutual care
Of those who culture it. 'Tis woman's part

With tenderness to cherish, and with smiles To give it sunshine; and the manly charge To watch that no dark gloom its petals close Untimely, -that no sudden blasts bestrew The ground with its torn flowers,—that frost or blight, Or canker-worm touch not its vital sap. Still most on man depends. To him the choice And the first overtures by usage old, And decent too, belong; to urge his suit, Uncheck'd by coy refusal—thin disguise, Allow'd by laughing gods! But let him look, That well the object of his suit be worth His perseverance. All that may be known Of future bliss in early promise lies. But that the god of love is fabled blind By blinder pagan, what imports the feint, Except that passion a dense medium spreads O'er the true diagnosis of the mind? Hence self-deluded the rapt lover dreams Of more than mortal charms, and schemes of bliss, Baseless and undefined, and sensual sweets;

Unreckoning or miscalculating far
The high and pure and permanent delights.
What should be near and present, if at all,
Remotely he regards, and, prodigal,
Sums up and squanders in a month's mad joy
The fund that should be husbanded through life.

The peach-tree blossoms on the southern wall, Expands the beauteous calix, and in time Protrudes of goodly promise, new-born fruit. Soon with protecting umbrage, glossy leaves From scorching rays and dashing rains secure Their delicate charge, nor give it to the view Till the full orb itself betrays, and blush Called forth by th' garish eye of lusty day, Like modesty abash'd. Thus half revealed, The lily and the rose each hemisphere Jointly adorn: the pleased beholder views Its perfect form, and downy vesture spread O'er the delicious pulp: its fragrance speaks Nectarine flavour ripe. With gentle touch

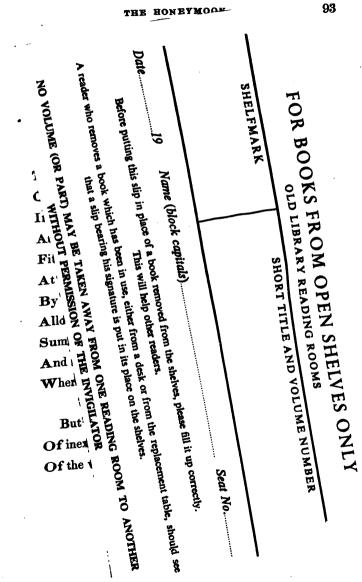
Soliciting it falls: if rudely pluck'd. Unripe or bruised, rudeness it well repays. Its odour and its colour are not false. True symptoms of its sweetness to the core.-Not this unlike the conjugal fair choice Of him who hopes from wear-well charms, and more From loveliness innate, perennial bliss.— In infancy the florid blossom shows Health, native beauty; and in childhood still, Light, forward, joyous life; advancing on To youth, those freedoms and familiar airs Checked, and in conscious modesty retired, The mind is well-imbued, and every grace And decency of person won with ease, By nature kindly cultured,—for constraint Will give the body grace, when Damien's bed, Or that of fell Procrastes, gives it ease! Still blushingly mature, the meek-eyed maid Shrinks from directed notice, and is wooed Gently, and trembles at the voice of Love. And happy he who gathers to himself

The blooming prize, and knows to prize her well, And husbands her in tenderness and truth, That love grows sweeter as the more enjoy'd.

With pleasure such as poets love to feign, And ardent lovers feel, my Caroline! Did I admire the progress of thy mind Unfolding with thy charms, when scarcely age Had stamped thee woman, and when first thine eyes Bent consciously averted from the look Half-understood. But when to date our love Were difficult, and long perhaps its birth And its beginnings, ere we knew apart Th' impulsive wish to meet so soon again.-When o'er thy chair I lean'd, or shared thy seat, A sage preceptor, bright'ning the dull page Of history obscure, with chat between; Or venturing into science' mazy walk. But doubtingly to stray, the knotty skein Evolving, often broke,—perplexed we grew In labyrinth, whence no return we sought.

And whilst, thy Mentor at thy side, we traced The perilous way of sage Ulysses' son, Or of that other devious son of Greece—Young Anacharsis, in a tongue ill-read; A more expressive language passed the while, Though silent, and interpreted with ease, If any sat beside. Thus drank we deep, Sweetly infuséd draught of love and lore.

In woman, diffidence of self to man
Is always grateful, as it implicates
The sweetest flattery to his manly pride.
This knows the practised hypocrite, who feigns
Much to diffide, and would not seem to trust
An independent thought. But when in truth,
Doubting timidity adorns the look
Of youth ingenuous, to guide, assure,
And win her firm reliance; day by day
The ductile mind to open and inform,
Of her who listens with an angel's faith
To him whose voice is love,—awakes the sense



The image of His goodness, when it came
Fresh from the Maker's hands; but of the world
Distinguish'd by perversions, habits, arts,
Wiles, vices, follies, cozenings, and crimes;
From all that Nature formed, or God approves.
'T were wiser far to leave the veil opaque
Of ignorance undrawn, if innocence
Receive a needless shock at the foul sight.
But if th' unguarded heart be thus alarm'd
To sense of peril in the smoothest paths,
And gain the serpent's wisdom, yet remain
Innocuous as the dove;—then not in vain
Is taught the useful lesson.

Happy we,
And happier that we know it, who retired
Far from temptation speciously set forth,
Value our safer walks, the more we know
Of danger in exposure. Happy, too,
That with the perils we escape the pains
Inflicted on the rich, the proud, the great,
The vain possessors of extraneous goods,

Of birth, of earn'd or unearn'd wealth or power. Chance binds the sutures of the idiot skull With golden cirque, and heaps of ore refined Refine not, nor sublime the grovelling soul; And power is often but the tyrant's boast, Available to mischief.--What then marks Discrimination between man and man?— Ay, what distinguishes the man from brute? The intellectual and reasoning power, The line of demarcation strictly kept In the procession of the Maker's works. Why else, that other like peculiar gift, The gift of utterance, but from man to man Reason's result to teach? Its highest act, When elevated in the Donor's praise.— But cause of pride is this? It is the source Of self-abasement to the loftiest mind, That, gazing up the high-ascending scale Of reasoning being, measureless the height, Finds at the summit an omniscient God, And, darkling at the foot, terrestrial man;

Humiliating distance!—deepest felt By those the most illumined, best assured With Locke or Newton, by His power revealed, Or wisdom, argued from the vast machine, The boundless, glorious, universal plan. The humble handmaid of religion learns Philosophy, in her magnificent book Profoundest awe, and from presumptuous sin Shrinks in confusion, like the publican. Whom should man bow to, then, and wrong his God Of the knee-service, and the vocal praise, For which his Maker gave him supple joints. And suppliant speech? To monarchs as supreme?— Think of the best of kings roll'd in the dust, And supplicating a poor fifteen years, A glad reprieve! To ministers of kings, And down to Haman? Or to prince or peer? How whines the driveling noble of fourscore?— "Would I were now upon the Cheviot's peak, With plaid and crook, and all the world beneath, And all my stock, a stock of days to come;

And I would more sincerely bid adieu,
Than Wolsey did, to all my grandeur here!"—
But, least of all the narrow pride of wealth
To be endured, most frequent as it lies
Most level to the meanest of mankind.—
How often wedded avarice and pride,
Cross-purpos'd pair, in constant penance both;
That grudging, half-recalling when he yields
To what his wheedling, flattering partner asks,
And neither gratified, and both between,
A thin and shabby ostentation serves
To tell the world the parents whence it sprung.

But, man, beware lest underneath the guise
Of humble and contented heart there lurk
The rankest, saturnine, and ill-bred pride,
Affecting independence but to cloke
The gnawings of chagrin. That such may be
I deem not strange, but never covered yet
By cap of mine, which in obeisance due
Is freely raised, no niggard of respect;

No foe to kings, nor leveller of ranks By democratic standard (1), madly tried In phrensied times, when low, and base, and bad Raise not themselves, but lower to their size The high, the great, the good,—still in distress, The crucible that tries them-good and great, The shame of their despoilers. Pride of birth May good produce, if good can come of pride, Where ancestry to emulation fires; And honours heap'd upon the hero's head, The patriot statesman, and th' unbiassed judge, And even the holy seer, I honour much; But still the halo beaming round their brows, The coronet illustrates, and beside The worthies of their country, proudest peers Sit but in dim eclipse and glory obscured. As men, they have my honour, such as man May pay to man. But how the gravest works Are parodied and mimick'd into jest! Thus, in the playfulness of power, the man Who sports and trifles with prerogative,

Leads to his master for th' ennobled name

And blazon'd patent, him who heretofore

The patent sued on which his fortunes rose;

Or him who basely with the wealth o' th' state

Diverted, purchases its honour too,

And crowns the peculator in the peer;

Then loftily in mock-heroic stalks,

A very travestie of rank and blood.

In happier mood, and fitter strain we seek
Our new-built home, and build we here content,
If Heaven vouchsafe to bless two grateful hearts.
Though circumscribed our means, our wishes, too,
And wants are narrow'd into compass small.
To beg, what need? and yet to dig well pleased,
And with executive and manual skill
Polish and perfect our half-wrought design:
Small space afforded from the useful close,
Still sloping in perspective o'er the fosse,
Which guards from nibbling foe the tempting leaf,—
The poet's meed, when mantle white o'erspreads

The wintry lawn, keeping its contrast green; Nor this a laboured waste of pleasure ground, As finds the steed at mid-day, when he seeks The cooling shed, and rack at morning filled With dewy-shaven grass. The filbert hedge Stands thick, by masking evergreens obscured; The yew, appendage of the church, spreads wide Its arms, sole remnant of its tribe, that once Adorned the spot, in mournful solitude; And studded o'er the ground, no barren shade, Protends the plum, whose boughs richly entraced, Embower with their own weight. The cherry, first With leafless rods bepowder'd o'er with bloom, Then spreading a grand canopy—a shade To the young fruit above and us below; Next hung with sanguine drops, tempting the bill Of twittering thief, that sits behind a leaf, And pecks a bleeding heart: last comes a change Still pleasing in its turn—the vivid green Shifting to pale and yellow, red and brown. The musky pear-tree opes its early bud,

Sprung from more favouring climes, and often here Affording but the beauty of its bloom.

Of later promise, but of surer hope,

The nonpareil by wintry hoard enrich'd

With flavour exquisite. One elm, one pine,

Where winds our greensward walk, erect their heads

With parallel and perpendicular height,

A fruitless shade, but garlanded about

By creeping eglantine, which makes them gay

With leaves and flowers and fragrance not their own.

Not solitary long did I sit by

The new-built nest, though something loath my mate
To leave her parent wing and pair with me,
And here inhabit. Half 'twixt fear and feint
The coy reluctance seemed: but gladlier so
I tempted her away, more warmly woo'd,
More proudly won, more blissfully possess'd.
Here in identity of joys and cares
Our lot is cast, and in fair land is cast
Our goodly lot, our garden and our fields,

Which, asking and receiving from our hands,
Meet cultivation, smile. No arms I hold
The rake and spade inglorious, whilst hard by
Stands my dictatress, and commands her ranks
In parti-colour trim to stand array'd,
At my strict marshalling, in rhomb or file,
Close order battailous; or more at ease
To let the stragglers as at random lie
On sunny knoll, or peep beneath the clump
In freshening shade. Th' inveterate foe of weeds,
In humble act oft bends her slender form
To humble their proud crests. Thus the joint work
By easy distribution grows mature.

If aught shall tempt us hence in days to come,
I seek not, anxious to unfold the leaves
Of that mysterious book, wherein inscribed
Remains all human change. I would not hope,
Till my heart sicken, and my courtship pay
Unwearied as the spaniel, for the cuffs
And kindnesses of patrons, who still dole,

And fairly in proportion due, to such
As bear them kindly such kind offices.

Nor would thy modest heart a murmur vent,
If it shower'd mitres, and I went not forth
Barcheaded into the rain.

Agrestis, who Left not and boasts not what some gownsmen call Fair prospects for retirement and a wife,-Oft blesses God that he did never court Fortune, that fugitive false fair; but woo'd More kind and true Content: one seldom won, The other seldom woo'd: if haply found (Plurality devoutly to be wish'd!) Together by the same, how bless'd the priest! Once did that way our conversation tend, (As vagrant thoughts will come and go unblamed, If not well entertained); "No, no!" he cried "A modern dignitary is not formed Or fashioned of such plain, unplastic stuff.-Plausibilis you may remember well. A man we sometime in derision held-

A proverb of reproach. Subtle and prone, Upon his belly long the reptile crept, By artful sinuosities to work Through narrow postern, or through inlet dark, Found in the best of times—to holiest place. How have we seen him cap the empty quad, Bend if the meanest fellow of them all Pass by, with reverence that had mockery seemed In you or me; fall back at the approach Of his high presence, whom we name the head Of that sage body, whose worse members we Ungracious seemed. Not so Plausibilis. At lecture still complacently he smiled At the long disquisition erudite, How barbarous κ_i usurp'd the place of $\delta \eta$, By negligent transcriber; the full tide And spirit essential of his eloquence Wasted by drops syllabic, and scant text By dark sepulchral comment swallow'd up, Scarce glimmering through the tome, whilst from thy hand

Relax'd, th' indignant orator down dropp'd, And roused by the rude fall thy slumbering sense. His vigilance was love of learning call'd, And faultless, and as tasteless, was his theme, Trite, bald, and cribb'd; and ere the bell had done, He reached with punctual step the chapel door:-And whilst with noisy cups we circled round, Duly as evening came,—he sat in room Lofty, retired, and still; and seem'd to sip His modicum of port; nor felt regret Of what he never tasted—bosom-sweets Of youthful friendships, warm and unreserved. This frugal, subtle, and submissive plan Succeeded. Soon his adulation earn'd The meed of learning, for it salves and serves For all deficiencies. In vain contends With this meek, exemplary, studious man, The candidate, who, borne on the proud wings Of genius, stoops not. Now with fellowship Well-bottom'd and reputed, round he kens The widening view; -still Fortune favours him.

A noble heir is offer'd to his care. In this grave charge the double duty calls For nice acquittal: to the pupil first · He dedicates fair show,—then to himself By gentle rein he tries Sincerest care. To turn the coursing passions, and to hours Of studious leisure courts the noble youth ;---Calls his wild freaks the sallies of high blood; And th' indolence of genius, his averse, Distasteful slight of books. Still he reports With rapture of his progress, and conceals What might the grave of his own fortune prove, Be't to his ruin on whose future smiles Hang all his hopes. Nor too inquisitive, Nor instant with unseasonable reproof, He wins by complaisance his pupil's love, If not his deference, which had given weight To honest counsel. This good-natured plan A scarf and rich plurality reward. The same smooth, gentle creature (save when slips Of mortal frailty call for harsh rebuke

From magisterial chair; or in the cause
Of freedom and his patron he grows bold,
In canvass or on the hustings), still his hold
Insensibly he strengthens, and is found
Close at the elbow of his lordship still,
Most welcome with his daily budget fill'd;
And having wedged his statue into niche
Long coveted, he steps from stall to stall,
And still with eye directed to the throne,
Dares hope his sacrilegious hand at last
Shall press the holy cushion."

If so climbed

The scaling-ladder of cathedral walls,

Agrestis and myself may mount in turn—

Plausibilis our patron—and our wives

Shall coach it not till the Greek kalends come.

But though Agrestis be my friend, esteemed For every virtue centring in himself,—
True, modest, generous, ardent, and sincere,
And rarely thinking wrong, more rarely still

Intending or committing; and a priest Of admirable piety and pains,-Folding and feeding with unceasing care The flock to him committed as his own: Though warranted by such acknowledged worth, And somewhat gall'd by undeserved success, To lash a sycophant; --- not fairly held The doctrine from a solitary case, That profanation thus o'erruns the church.-The church (however tottering and decay'd Some faithful and some faithless brethren deem Its pillars and foundations, who subserve By holy outcry most unhallowed ends)-The church (howe'er assaulted by abuse Fanatic, when loud passion would supply The deficit of reason in th' harangue, Howe'er by temporising sects betray'd, Who like Iscariot only wait the hour To give the treacherous signal);—yet the church Has her supporters and her corner-stones, Immoveable and sound; rocks ready hewn

And cement well-attempered; and of hands A host, I trust, with skill and zeal endued To mend the mural breach, if breach be made By hostile engines; and if time deface The edifice, and call for due repairs, The sacred call is heard (2).—Still the grave Bench Displays a venerable weight of worth And talent, learning, piety and zeal: 'Twere well had room been found for one who now Translated to his glorious golden crown, And snowy vest of majesty and palm Triumphant, finds his firm illumined faith In perfect vision and fruition lost Of the Redeemer's presence: honour'd name Of Paley! who by just criteria tried, Confirm'd, and triumph'd in that glorious faith.

Thus wide on devious wing the Muse flies off,
On graver themes intent: in lighter strain
Now sings she sunniest hours of the blithe day.—
No prisoners, by our labours only tied,

To our own garden'd spot,—we ramble forth,
And often to observe and to enjoy
The majesty of nature, or the work
Of many-handed labour, that has clothed
A waste and sandy desert in the hue
Of sempiternal spring.

The subject vales

Seem robb'd and scoop'd of their contents to pile

The mountainous long tract, that belts the land

Like a strong girdle, here and there embossed

With golden gorse, or thick and woody brake,

And crested at its height by towering pines

Far seen. A vast projection overhangs

The plain below, as o'er the ocean main

A promontory frowns; nor wants there still

What well might pass for watch-tower on the verge

Of the stupendous steep. Yet on its top

The flag-staff has survived its ancient use,

When signal-house or beacon through the land

Gave dread alarm, now faintly understood.

Then mystic balls were not, which near approach

Of friend or foe, by apt location tell;
Science had not extended human sight
To many a league, perusing the gazette
Of lettered news, that travels with the speed
Of instant light, nor gathers in its march
Like fame of old.

Up the impending side

Myriads of marshall'd pines erect their spears;

So steep th' ascent, that who would climb at once
On tiptoe and bent knees, rests some few steps
Above the sable cone he now admired,
And overlooks its top: but we wind up
Less prodigal of breath, the hackney'd path,
And from the summit with enraptured eye
View the magnificent and varied scene.—
Beneath, an area vast expands, walled up
On every side in proud theatric range;
The shadowy cones, of every hue distinct,
Rear their resembling heads, and rise in steps
Disordered round the slopes, and not unlike
Spectators ill-arranged; the circle vast

Brings mighty Coliseum to the mind
Eclipsed in its meridian: but how fallen
That huge dilapidation! whilst this work
Of Nature dreading no decay, but asks
Man's decorating hand to deck it out,
And mocks the power of time.

Now far away O'er hill and dale extends th' exotic shade Of the continuous forest. But behold You turbid cloud uprearing 'mid the spears, That darken from our view the turnpike-way, Following the rapid axles as they roll, Of the encumbered stage.—Surceased its speed, Unchecked, th' exhausted cattle feel the touch Severe on the chafed shoulder, and demand The lighten'd freight. In vain the cracking thong Which shuddering slaves obey; the angry stamp, And guttural growl profane, in vain; And (not in pity) down the motley crew From van and rear, and peopled top descend; And, like the Trojan horse, the opening side

Discharges its contents. Now, on they fare,
But heavily, as Pharaoh's chariots drave,
And like them, too, between two crumbling walls,
Where time has fretted down the channel deep,
Leaving the bare, fantastic roots on high
Of toppling firs that tremble in the storm.
But ye who pace beside the lab'ring hacks,
With tongues relaxed, and dust, and sweat, and
gore

Clotting their porcless hides—ye only feel Regret at loss of time, by you unpraised The beauties that surround.

So fares the boor

Along th' eternal avenue that leads
From Moscow to the Czar's imperial seat,
Intent alone upon his journey's end.—
They gain the height, and now they reascend,
Each to his berth: the sounding footboard list!
Signal once more obeyed: the vessel glides
Down the descending plane, and sinks away:—
Again we catch the heads that sit aloft,

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Veering to right; the cockswain at his post Keeps last in view: ah! he too disappears.

This footway, lined with flaunting evergreens, Like a protracted bower, diverts our steps, Once trod by us before; and then we pledged What we will now redeem, soon to repeat The pilgrimage. It looks as not a foot Had trod it since, save in the tiny path Where scuds the timid quadruped along, Thick tenant of these shades. A little on See, see! beside the path, and near the turn, A leveret sits. We check our sauntering steps (Who come abroad perchance for little more Than sprig of heath, or slip of yellow broom To decorate thy bonnet) to regard A little minute all her frolic ways. Fearful she sits with long sharp ears erect, Instinctive listening,-nought she hears, nor heeds Our curious stealth upon her privacy. The nymph begins her toilet. First her pad

She neatly cleans, and strokes her hinder head;-And licks again, and o'er her velvet face And prominent eye, and down her whiskered nose, Expertly brushes; with reverted head She sleeks her dappled back,—and bending now, Kisses her snowy bosom: ne'er was belle More vain or self-enamour'd. Lightly now The charming wanton frisks to meet her love. What different action when she flies the foe, With tendinous and nimble-footed speed, That ne'er would lose the race if fairly run.-The pleasing picture variegates the scene; And could I recognise the dainty fair, If e'er we meet again, when truce expires, Th' uplifted tube would drop .- But they o'errate The guilt of that fierce warfare which men wage Upon the peaceful race, who sadly sing Man's cruelty, and misery of game. One noble poet, who could touch the chords Of sympathy on every favoured theme-Swore friendship to the friendless!—and so won

His little wards by his protecting hand,
That taking leave of liberty and fear,
They loved their prison for their keeper's sake:
He bravely sang their cause, so closely backed
With such appeal in prose, that all their kin
Had future persecution well-nigh 'scaped.
Then followed on the heel of this full-toned
And powerful advocate, a whimpering race
Of minor poets, who with their laments,
Awoke the mournful echoes of the woods.

God, on his favoured being, man, bestow'd
Freely for his content, or ease, or use,
All creatures else, his subjects; and endow'd
With faculty of reason to discern
The purpose apposite of all and each.
The horse's sinewy frame, and agile limbs,
For strength and speed; the ox's brawny neck
Submissive to the yoke; the sheep's full fleece,
An annual gift, superfluous and old
When paid, but new and needful to the man.

The fishes and the fowls that glibly sail On web or wing, through ether or through sea, But live for him; and his contriving skill Subdued them to his will. He found the dog Familiar, docile, and above the rest Attached to him, and ever at his heels, And more than all for his amusement formed. Nor was it possible to overlook His proper application; his winged speed, Which wisdom could not have bestowed in vain; With neck for ever stooping to the ground, But not to graze; and that instinctive sense Surpassing and supplying baffled sight, Infallibly conducting to his prey. Man could not witness such sagacious sense, And not admire, and join in the pursuit; And the first hunter was the first of men. (3) The snorting steed beheld the doubtful chase With riot in his veins, and in his legs Transcendent speed, and emulously fired, Turn'd out a volunteer. The man's keen wit

Seized his auxiliar strength, his back bestrode, And, with pressed knees upon his forerib, kept His perilous seat; and thus with borrow'd speed Maintained his place, as master of the field. Henceforth the triple league has been confirmed, Of man, and horse, and dog, and will be, long As free-will, instinct, pleasure, hold them fast In chain coincident. That Nature meant This pastime and pursuit, admits not doubt. That virtue placed in the pursuer's nose Were useless, only that the tainted heel Calls it to action; and 't is Nature gives That varied expression of delight To each distinctive breed:—the spaniel's quest. And doubled diligence when game is nigh; The pointer's stiffened and ecstatic stand: The setter's low suspense; the terrier's yelp; The beagle's silver-toned and frequent tongue; The hound's deep challenge, and the joy of all.— Why unsuccessful all the arts of man To tame or to reclaim, or win the love

Of things by nature wild? And why so coy,
And vigilant, and to protect themselves
So artful—but to exercise the skill,
To stimulate the strength, confirm the health,
Excite and gratify the wish of man?
And why with such fecundity endued,
That left in peace to multiply unchecked,
A plague unknown to Egypt soon would swarm
And devastate the earth; and man might dig
And sow the land, and save himself the toil
Of harvesting his hopes?—'T is plain, 't is plain
That they were made for man, not man for them,
And call for frequent slaughter; that the chase
By Nature's self is authorized and loved.

Ay, let them rail at sportsmen like myself,
Who sweeten duty with a morning's walk,
With gun upon my arm; and if it please
My rib attendant to adorn the field,
I reck not. Yes, let Don the stubble scour,
With nose breast-high to windward, till at once,

Struck stiff, nor changed the attitude of speed. Sancho and Carlos, with uplifted hand I beckon, they their fugleman obey. In silence I proceed, and not a foot Stirs, save my own: a dozen paces on The timid covey crouch: alarmed they rise, And all confused their flight, till he who wears Th' inverted crescent painted on his breast, With hasty call directs them. As they cross The watchful foe, he gently elevates The fatal tube, meets one selected bird, And simultaneous seems the fire and fate.— So, when some wished-for spot, or town or isle, The skill'd geographer upon his orb, The miniature of this terraqueous globe, Would accurately find, -aright he sets The index, fixes the meridian true To th' horizontal equatorial line, And travelling up the brazen guide, he marks The minuted degree; then shoots along The flying surface, till the crossing lines Exactly intersect the quested point.

What is 't the sportsman toils for, after all-So keenly hunted, or so nicely hit? What but a feather, or poor reynard's brush! And what is 't more, that the well-foughten field Confers upon the hero, but a plume! What for the glorious Nelson could we more Than feather out his hearse! What the reward Of zealous patriot? what the honour won By proudest statesmen? Feathers for their caps! The prince waves gracefully his plumy crest; The noble his; the fair one decks her hair From off the stately bird, and we admire; So all are won by feathers.—And what more Called up delighted Discord from her den, With trumpet at her lips, and in her hand The waving reed inflamed, in tiptoe haste To set two mighty mastiffs by the ears, (4) Who growl'd and bay'd each other o'er a bone Well worthy their contention,-what was 't more Than bruin's shaggy coat, or reynard's brush?

Enough, enough! Whilst rove our loitering feet

Careless and vagabond, we now arrive At what such avenue, entangled o'er, Most fitly terminates—behold, a house! A stately edifice, one story high! With eaves so low depending that the door, Though lofty as the wall, compels from all Who enter it obeisance. Yet it boasts Due offices attached. At either end Descends the still-continued roof to house Two tenants—here a stall and there a stye. We knock, and open,—one within we see, Who ne'er sees us: the voices still she owns. But asks again the name. Poor darkling crone! There sits she many an hour, and many a day, And week, and month, and year; and none she sees And rarely hears, from early morn to night. She tells us, Allen, ere the day is up, Bestirs him, and a sluggard calls the sun. Their keep-life fare he caters, little more Than bread, and what the brook supplies, scarce stained

With few shrunk leaves, dear-bought. In haste, he girths

The skirtless saddle-tree, with sheepskin patch'd, Upon his ambling nag, and pads away. All day, and were the day of twice its length, He journeys on: this territory vast His duty to protect from pilfering rogues. From his own central seat to th' utmost verge, Nor falls a scantling, not a fagot bound, But he surveys; and minish them who dare! Ay, not a switch the gadding schoolboy gets, Or the wayfaring man a knotted orab; Or tottering beldame the dry scattered cone To lighten her dark walls ere bed-time come; Or magpie, to compose his wicker-work, The withering sprays,—but Allen scares them all. I often mark his shabby steed turned up To pick a few lank blades, or lightly hitch'd Upon the remnant spur of ill-trimm'd pine, Whilst down some pathless dell the master dives, With eye exploratory and slow step;

And if a starveling fly with thirsty trunk Probe his uncurried hide, he whisks his tail Unkempt, but still bites on; or hangs his head Composed, by insect-impotence unroused. Meanwhile she sits, bearing life's heavy load, And unrelieved by cheerful light or hope. The monitor that warns the busy world Of their swift hours defunct, in her sad ear Were music: this their poverty denies. Upon the eastern breeze, but indistinct Comes seldom the monotonous faint chime From distant tower, and that she lists with care. But if she hear the human step draw nigh,. The latchet of her prison-door uplift,-And though a stranger enter—the sweet sound Of human voice,-her glad heart "leaps for joy." Half sentiment, half jest, Yorick, arch-droll, Asked, "what is charity?" when o'er the wall To th' unreplevin'd, ill-conditioned ass, Patient of hunger, labour, and abuse, He flung th' untwisted band of offal hay.

I ask the question,—whoso makes reply—
"To visit, cheer, converse with, and afford
What solace her sad case admits, condemn'd
To darkness, solitude, and prison fare;"
And I will own it charity indeed:
Nay more—Religion, pure and undefiled.

Oft bade to stay, we bid at length adieu!

And now we reascend the piny ridge,
Casting a retroverted look o'er all
The well-clothed space behind; and heave a sigh
For the lone wretch enshrouded in its shades.—
Along the living colonnade we stroll
To the last pillars on the precipice;
Whence onward, what a boundless prospect breaks!
It seems as under us the map were spread
Of England's fairest half; the sheet too wide
For the strain'd eye to frame it.—Such the view
The gallant aeronaut enjoys aloft,
When in his dædal vessel he ascends,
Suspended to a bubble, dangerous sail!

Oaring the air, he mounts the blue profound,
Ambitious voyager! in hopes to find
Moorings secure on the moon's sharpened horn.—
We gaze upon it, as the lark looks down
When as aloft she soars, amid the fields,
Marking one favour'd spot, she cowers her wings,
And drops incontinently on her nest.
So we, 'mid all the bright inviting tract,
Eye one beloved seat, and hastening down
By easy steps, laborious in ascent,
With small fatigue our resting-place regain;
The centre whence our rambling steps diverge,
The point to which attraction brings us home.

END OF BOOK I.

BOOK II.

Is rarely summon'd hence to courtly ball,
Or—more congenial scene—to rural fête;
If bridegroom-bard, and spouse, and eke the verse
For hapless mediocrity be doomed
To sad neglect;—what boots it to complain?
Dependent not on such unsteady joys,
Whence the calm placid circle of the year
Feels short disruption, closing not again
But with uneven joint of broken hours.
—Yet comes the card, and looks my love consent:
Her years are yet improving,—not for wear
Worse than her bride-clothes; nor unseemly there
I hold it to appear, though other haunts
And other habits did my temper suit

In earlier days; and he who sought me there, Had miss'd me oft. But ill the pastoral charge Comports with levity, even of the heel. But still the fault is in the habit found, And we will go unblamed, though modern saints May, self-acquitted, preach at th' open sin, And let the long-faced hypocrite pass by.-What, though more rarefied than air of Town At this more social scene, where friends meet friends With confidence—or should do: yet oft lurks, Where gaiety invites, and pleasure seems Sole business, much of passion unrepress'd, In best-bred circles; and the leaven works Throughout the mortal mass, however fair.-If Envy sit with scowling visage there, Thou wilt not know the hag; and she may burst With bitterest gall at the unconscious cause— The beauteous cheek, where mingling hues unite Of both the roses; and the nameless grace, Too inobtrusive but in timorous youth. Or should Contempt on loftier looks enthroned,

With supercilious brow, and eye address'd To her own nose, by none admired beside. Cast at thy passing form a sidelong glance-Not seeming to behold thee-fare thee on To humbler friends, that midway come to greet. Enough there are of neighbours kind and true. Who, wise and merry, come not there to mar The general concert by discordant looks. Joy, many-visaged, brightens in the throng, Like clustering tapers in the chandelier; Whilst, like the rushlight glimmering to decay. Sits morbid Envy, sickening in the shade. Of those who most exhibarate the night, Oft is some(1) generous spirit singled out, The rallying point. From her the timid maid Receives a cheering smile, and, if unasked, Perhaps a welcome partner; whilst her looks, As from a centre, spread assurance round:-If such approve, uncourted, think it praise. And should the lottery of the dance a place Assign thee near some other gentle fair,

Not quite a stranger,—let the social flame Enkindle freely, and in friendship knit, As arm in arm ye hang along the room. Thus whilst the jocund evening wears away, Light as thy step elastic spring thy heart, And mine, its counterpart, shall keep in time. But let who will day after day run mad, Or, what is worse, night after night, to fill Their empty heads with viols' empty sound; Or by mere force to make the world confess Their heels are more accomplish'd than their heads; Not so with you, my love:—the frolic o'er, As home you leave with heart not discomposed By panting hopes to shine, (though many feed, At flattering mirrors with a plainer face, The glutton Vanity, and palpitate With full anticipation of applause Of figure and theatric attitude, Forcing from art what you to nature owe); So unchagrined, unenvious you return To home, yourself and me; the even flow

Of spirits not o'erwound, unbroken still. And what fatigue the grosser part sustains. By nature's boon restorative repaired, At once you settle to your usual tasks, Palette and pencil, and of rainbow dyes. The tufted worsted, weaving texture strong, For ottoman or hassock, or the urn Ebullient, from the table's dainty face Harmless to bear; and not unmindful long,-As well becomes the wife of country priest,-Of huswife and the needle.-But the head By turns demanding to relieve the hands. You bid me cater from my scanty store, Lending your taste to mine, th' eventful page Real or visionary; and in days Of modern date, this cannot that exceed In interest or wonder.—Thus engaged, Whilst the mind's eye reflects upon the past, We pause; and matters of the passing day, And present things catch the corporeal eye From our own parlour-window.--'Tis a seat

Offering within the prospect's ample sweep, To you of novelty and interest much To charm the leisure hour; and e'en to me. Still scarcely more than stranger in the land, Enough of curious pleasure. Though the scene Boasts not the beauties and sublimities. Or e'en the grandeur of our recent walk-On which the poet's or the painter's eye Delights to dwell; -mountains and waving woods, Old ocean at the feet of frowning cliffs, In calms submissive, but in ruinous storms Battering with fruitless rage their marble base; The cataract arrested in its fall. And held by winter's bleak and nitrous breath In wonderful suspense, and—strange to tell— Dissolving at the melting breath of spring Like nature's tenderest works; the castle old. Safe with embattled towers and buttress'd walls, The ponderous portcullis, moat and keep, In feudal times—but trembling to decay, In fragments vast, before the foeman TimeThrough chasms admitting with the light of heaven,
To secret vaults the man or beast of prey.
These mighty images that fill the mind
With awe, and all th' associated forms
Framed by historic fancy,—these divert,
In wild romance or poesy sublime,
The labours of the day; whilst the pleased eye,
From our own home, roves o'er the living scene.

An even and unbroken tenor keeps
Th' expansive outline, and so wide and far,
That the strain'd sight alone can give it bounds.
The forest which along th' horizon sweeps,
Seems but a long dark line, and the tall spire
Almost "invisible or dimly seen,"
Appears a javelin lifted in the air.—
Erewhile its lofty head a lesson taught
The ambitious and the vain, who most affect
The proudest station, that bad eminence
Of perilous exposure, whence to look
With self-complacence down. But when the breath

Of popular applause has hailed the rise

To giddiness of head, oft changed to rage

Of popular hate, it glories in the fall.

So the tall spire with something like reproach,

That overlook'd its neighbours ten miles round,

Knew not the safety of humility,

Till heaven's fierce shock, which midway struck the pile,

Humbled its pride.—I will not therefore say,
God to be worshipp'd hates in gorgeous fanes,
Crown'd with tall turrets,—as the worshipper
Of ostentatious heart; and nobly they,
Again who bade it heavenward point its top,
May in all meekness heavenward raise their eyes
To make this offering grateful. Let me give
My mite of praise to those who readorned
The distant view,—thanks for another theme,
And one more moral to the Bridal song.

Hence within narrower bounds the circling eye Skims over objects undistinguish'd still In melting distance, and th' aerial tint,
Mingled in one broad mass; mansions and parks,
Trim lawns, and woods majestic, scarcely mark'd
From the plain homestall and the furrow'd farm.

It shall be source of ever-new delight

To thee, my Caroline! and so to me,

That hence we view the holy house of God,—

On the fair spot as now the sunbeams strike,

Where that sweet name was sanctified to thee,

By solemn vows of the baptismal rite,

But still far more of selfish interest fills

This bosom, and how more I love the place,

That there in later days a second name

I gave thee, in exchange for thy free hand;

And did our garden boast no other shade,

No other shelter, save what the broad elm

Afforded us, which late obscured the Church—

It should have fallen.

Now goodlier grows the view,
As more defined the forms of things impress

More perfectly the mind: the level meads Besprinkled o'er with many-colour'd kine, And flocks innumerous; here and there the dam, Of blood as pure as any in the land, Still valued truly, though her speed be o'er; Nor profitless, whilst followed by her foal In idle gallop, which in time to come— The rider's pride—his family shall prove By all his parent's virtues. How enrich The lawny grounds, hedge-rows and spinies dense, And intersecting fences, marking far By lines multangular the clashing rights Of neighbouring freeholders; and richly stored The shelter'd corner, with the high-built rick O'erbeetling well its base.—But most admired The frequent village sparkling in the sun, The jewels of the scene. Whilst those below, Clustering around the central house of prayer, Seem wood embosom'd, by the mingling tops Of trees wide scatter'd there, but like a grove At horizontal distance; -on the brow

Of yonder eminence, the church that stands Exposed and naked, skirted by the sheds And straggling cottages, which scarcely make A meagre hamlet,-yet by contrast forms A feature—of small beauty in itself-Of some component value. Down the slope Th' chequer'd field meets the meridian sun With bosom full and fruitful: varying shades Mark each enclosure, variously engrain'd :-The bean-field darkening as it grows mature, Whilst the bent barley whitens; shifting hues From palest green to yellow, thence to brown The ripening wheat ear; next the fallow-land, O'er which the ploughman bends, grows brown behind The long-drawn team, that spares its lazy strength, Or tugs with sad disunion. When, ye clowns, From neighbouring examples will ve learn That strength compacted acts with twofold force?

Let me not seek to touch the heart of youth With tragic fables and ingenious woes:

But vonder spot affords a piteous tale Of truth and recent date. However true That polished life sophisticates the heart, And that refined manners often cloak The morals of a scoundrel: as the school. Professing to deduct the offensive part From loathsome vice, by decency of show, Does mainly prove; and England does not hate The doctrine as a damned heresy, Nor hiss it back to lands from whence it came, Peopled by apes and monkeys; -yet as true The swain who turns the furrows in our view, Will prove the manners of the golden age No index of the mind. Long time he woo'd A maid, whose smiles had bless'd a worthier soul; And though the man had comeliness of look, Enough by slight advances to have won A hundred of her sex, he did not find In Lydia such cheap conquest. Long she held The persevering suitor in suspense With maidenish coyness; nor confess'd her love,

Till decent suit and service had approved . His constancy. When confidence grows strong. Unguarded grows the heart, the heart of man, And woman's, true to soft impressions, more. If then, in two full years of intercourse Familiar, Lydia owned a thousand times The kindest truths, could ve reprove the maid? Hers be the praise, whose virtue argus-eyed, Is ever vigilant; that Lydia's slept, Slander alone can say, and found too late The man she loved a traitor. Were it so. Her wrongs were greater-more admired her pride. To the same village then a stranger came, An inmate too, beneath the self-same roof, Where by hard service earn'd his daily bread, The ploughman; for no better was his lot. Had beauty been a fortune, she were rich;-So passing fair was she that people ran, As Martha pass'd, to gaze. Her charms were woe To Lydia's peace! Poor Lydia might have marked, From the first day, a fearful falling off

Of wonted kindness. Oft the stale excuse Of late from work, and weariness of limb, And cattle to be tended, pleaded he For absence, or for shortening his stay, Though seldomer he came. His looks grew strange. Nor were his words as usual when he spoke; For silent much he sat, and much in thought. The change could not escape her, and as quick The rumour ran of the perfidious truth, It reach'd her ear in whispers. Though the shock Pierced through her bosom, and her curdled blood Forsook her cheeks a moment, soon her love Yielded to her resentment, and, resolved, She summon'd all her courage to the charge. Her pride performed its part. The faithless wretch She calmly challenged, and his smitten heart Betray'd his guilt; she drove him from her sight; And bravely too she played the woman's part, That love seemed lost in reason. How within It fared with Lydia, ask thine own true heart. Meanwhile the guiltless and unconscious cause

à

Of perfidy so base, the lovelier maid. Soon felt the impression deep, when daily marks Of fondness came from no unwelcome hand. The man to her still bore the same regard: She only heard in jests, or what did seem But rustic raillery,—she had stolen away Another's right, and lent a willing ear To art that ever justifies itself; Nor feigned reluctance, which she did not feel, To yield, when pressed—a free but mute consent.— The Sunday came, when in the sight of God, As sacred form prescribes, they challenge forth Whoever can impediment allege To their intended union. When the priest A moment paused to hear, there burst a shriek Which pierced through every ear and every heart, And senseless to the floor the damsel fell,-The injured Lydia; for her loftiness Was by this final cruelty subdued. Much help at hand, they raise her lifeless form, And not the holy place or holy hour

Restrain the curse upon his guilty head, Whose evil deed is this. They bear her home; And passing where the dallying lovers sat. The mournful bearers meet the eager eye Of Martha. Forth she rushes to the call Of pity and distress. The first faint sobs Of life returning to the corpse-like maid She hears; and oh! she hears the fatal cause Of her sad taking. As her eye dismay'd, She turns away from Lydia's pallid cheek, It flashes horror-struck upon the wretch Who dared come forth to witness all his sins.--She ran in speechless frenzy from the spot, Not knowing whither;—from the fearful sight Fly far she might, but never more could fly, Heart-struck, from thoughts that harrow up her soul. And yet she heard again the lover's suit, And heeded too at times:-- "For he is true To me she cried, though he has proved unkind To Lydia." But her heart was stricken deep, And the wound rankled till the crimson health

That once suffused her cheek became the flush Of hectic fever. Day by day her frame Wasted away, and her dilated eve Grew spiritless. But still she clung to life. And clung to him, the love of whom was death: Till in the cold embrace of death was held The beauteous maid, than whom a lovelier bride Ne'er bless'd th' expecting arms of mortal man.-With Lydia how it fared you long to hear: That she revived was matter not of joy To her who, by involuntary act, Had made confession that her passion lived Still unabated for a faithless man. And could she triumph in the fast decline Of an unconscious rival, who atoned By too severe a fate for all the woe She caused? That were unworthy of a mind That seemed of nobler nature. Long she lay Careless of life, but not of those who cared Most tenderly for her; and such there are-The wretched parents of a favourite child.

But he, the monster of perfidious art,
Still lingers there, and still a harbour finds.
Nor penitence, nor shame, nor keen remorse
Harrow his conscience sere, whose worthlessness
Hurried one lovely victim to the grave;
And though another martyr to his wrongs,
The shadow only of her better days,
Lives to reproach him. The low libertine
Abandon'd to the guilt of brutal vice,
Fills up his measure of iniquity;
But if he drink not to the very dregs
The cup of salutary sorrow here,
God, the charged vial of his wrath shall pour
On his accursed head,—his sentence pass'd,
To herd with hypocrites and infidels.

Now hitherward the well-pleased eye surveys The darkening covert, stretching o'er the land With undulating line. There may it rest On the refreshing foliage, whilst a sigh, Unfeign'd and unsuppress'd, thy bosom heaves For no unreal woe; and even the drop

Of melting pity,—in my sight a gem

Too precious to be wasted on the ground,—

Moistens thy cheek.

There rising in the midst,
The glistening spire gives fancy room to form
The shelter'd village, hidden from the view;—
So says delusive distance:—but not so
The bootless curate, who in wintry days
Trudges from church to church, and finds between
Full many a slough and the long drivelling lane.

In deep ravine of the dark pathless wood,
His sojourn makes another murderous knave,
Who, like the base deceiver, singles out
The tender and unwary for his prey—
The robber Reynard. And now undisturbed,
He battens on his spoils,—whilst sultry sun
His panting foes beside the freshening stream
In cleanly kennel keep; whilst the unshod steed
Cleanses and cools his blood in pastures fair,

And the arid ground repels the horny hoof,
And half disjoints the frame; whilst the thick fence
A barrier stands impervious to the eye,
With hidden danger in the dyke below;—
And all the golden promise of the ear
Still standing, bids the reaper fill his hand,
His bosom him who bindeth up the sheaf.
But in his wantonness a day of doom
Awaits the wily caitiff; and his craft,
Successful long in his pursuit of prey,
Shall fail him at the last, when press'd in turn
By his sagacious foes.

In the mild morn

Of early winter we shall hence behold

The gay assembling scene. Horses and hounds;

The noble lord and honourable friend,

Relaxing from severer toils of state;

The squire, and sporting priest and yeoman stout,

Come pricking on from every quarter round,

To join the chase. In light caparison,

The season'd hunter boasting blood with bone,

Physick'd and fed, and gallop'd into speed,
With open nostril, tail and ears erect,
Listens the well-known horn. His rider trim
In jetty boots, and accurate of shape
The spotless buckskin, lapp'd by scarlet skirts,
And snugly capp'd with velvet to the touch,
But fortified within, the obvious bush
To part unhurt, or break the headlong fall.
The huntress too, with her attendant knight,
Makes gallant show. In sooth, it may recal
The proud detail of the right Royal Hunt,
When Louis gave his court a holiday
At Fontainbleau, though this in little seem.

Now all with jealous ardour press to gain
A forward place, and to maintain it too,
With courtesy, as in the tented field
Of Edward or of Henry, when the knight
In glittering panoply distinction sought.
And shall not I, albeit in humble style,
Be tempted now and then to steal away,

And mingle in the chase; again to hear
The opening challenge, and the thickening sounds
That swell the chorus, till the cheerful shout
Of tally-ho! speaks the unkennell'd knave
From covert gone away. The echoing horn
Rallies the scatter'd hounds, and forth they come
Through gap or meuse, or topping o'er the fence.
Hark! hark! away! Horses and hounds and men
Rush on amain. The chase is nature's law.
And I could follow too, and centaur-like,
With flying speed, leave to the grovelling world
Its sordid cares, all—all—but love of thee,
Far, far behind—danger, and fear, and thought.(2)

With other speed along the winding road
We trace another host of quadrupeds,
In solemn march. The rising pillar of dust
Reddening to suffocation by the rays
Of burning noon, (not hotter were the sands
Of Ramanch, which British arms embrown'd
With glorious dust), their tedious progress marks.

They come in sable coats from Cambrian vales,
Or Grampian hills: but now with dust subfuse,
And every hair distinct with particles
Impalpable, like the fine blade erect
In hoary morn.—See, now they ford the stream,
Regaling with a sip their parched throats.
They in slow current from th' extremities
Flow to the heart, which fed by them returns
Through circulating arteries, the wealth
Its vast deposit holds, to every part,
And every member of the complex frame,
Whose vast pulsation vibrates to the sense
Of the remotest fibre.

How composed

The mighty system of the commonweal!

First, commerce pours her hundred peaceful streams,
Diverted from the tributary shores
Of all the world. The congregated stores,
Swoll'n in the grand emporium,—these she pours
By thousand ducts and channels through the land,
As the wants, interests, or luxury

Of millions may demand. Thence come in turn,
By trade and barter to the Capital,
The native produce and substantial worth
That clothe our hills and vales; and the fair price
Of labour and material, by exchange,
Or more commodious credit—sacred stake
Of British merchants—readily is found,
Where competition levels the full mart.
And thence what of redundancy remains—
Which, left a dead and perishable load,
Might damp the spirit both of growth and trade,—
Adventurous Commerce ships to other climes,
And finds by change of freight, as times demand,
A twofold profit. Thus the capital
In endless circulation turning round.

How like to this do Nature's bounteous laws
Her wealth distribute!—Ocean's wide expanse
A vast evaporation daily yields
To solar influence, which awhile ascends
In misty exhalation,—then condensed

In darkening clouds surcharged, the plenteous rain Replenishes the earth; which saturate
Sends forth a thousand rills and rivulets,
Unnoticed first and nameless, till they swell
By frequent confluence, and the wealthy flood
Its full collection back to ocean rolls.

Thus I, a denizen of this great realm,

Prate with important air of wealth, and trade,

And liberal commerce,—seemingly profound.—

But well the plodding man areads in prose

His golden rules and tables, with remark

Sarcastic,—"Ne'er was ta'en poetic flight

On golden pinion; and if once a bard

Conceived a dream of wealth—that dream of wealth

A South-Sea bubble proved."

Then dullard hear
What erst I said, when on the wings of Love
I ill could brook delay, as senseless flocks
And horned heads cross'd my impatient way:
"Roll on, I cried, ye slow and greasy brutes!

The very emblems ye of those ye feed,-Cits, deputies, unwieldy aldermen. Ye toss your horns, and shake your trembling fat, To be devour'd;—and they but cram themselves For worms to sup on. Ye impede my way, Insensible to my intreating love; As they with ears as gross and hebetate Would hear the poet's song. Ah! roll ye on."— But now reluctantly they ope their ranks As winds his signal shrill, the vigilant guard, Perch'd on his elbow'd seat, that tops the roof Of the careering mail. But still they yield Too slowly; and the drover and his dog Bay and belabour their unpitied hides; And the revolving fellies grind and bruise Their prominent hips, to save a moment's loss. But wherefore all this speed, this cruel speed— Inflicting so much misery on brutes? To tickle human ears with strange reports, Which next day's columns serve to contradict? To tell sad tidings from the town of Smoke,

That guns and pikes, and javelins, all are down At discount, for the mighty Lud is fallen, And Vulcan sheds his iron tears? but all The country laughs? That the great City of Looms Has witness'd huge dismay; for her brave sons Have fallen at Peterloo; and woof and warp Her little ones employ, to weave the shrouds Of their slain sires,—and England will not weep? To tell us all the fluctuating change Of councils, which were better never heard? To tell us all the miserable tale. In harassing detail, of our brave men Sent out to war with pestilence and want, On land no enemy will dare dispute? Whilst martial ministers at home accuse Each others' impotence, and fight it out Among themselves, but beard it to the world. (3) To tell us rare good news of victories won, But ending in retreat?—All this were new Some few hours, hence as now; and many a hide Flay'd from the butcher'd horse, to furnish thongs

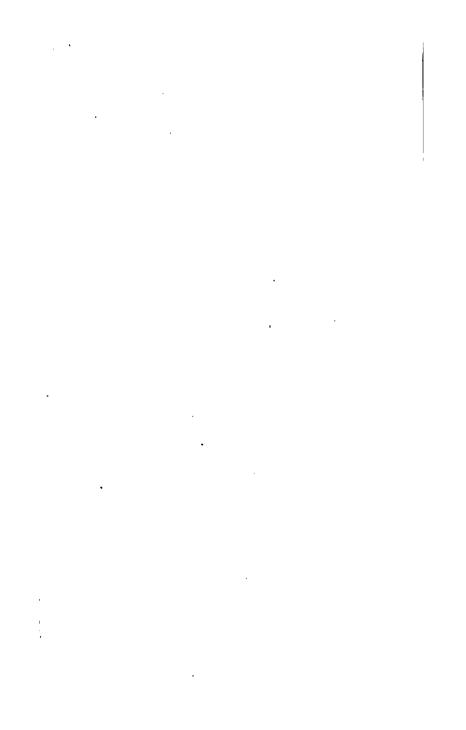
For those that still survive th' inhuman work,
Were yet worn whole.—Still better to be kept
The endless wrangling, which, night after night
Brings crowded houses to behold the fair
And sprightly Venus, (4) who the captive Mars
Disarm'd of all his terrors, and his brow
Smooth'd of its furrowed frowns; whilst ways and
means,

And loans of millions, and the nation's low And languishing condition, all without Bloated and blown, and all corrupt within; Dry questions—before empty benches pass.

• • • • • • (5)

In various strain and mood the errant bard
Has thus sung 'spousal,—sung the new delights
Of favoured nuptials, and the placid joy—
A settled sabbath, of our home-felt rest:
But tempted, as we whiled away the hour,
To taste, to censure, or to praise in turn,

Whilst skimming o'er the surfaces of things; Perplexing not the theme by depths profound, Or soaring thoughts, that lead on waxen wing To regions whence with Icarus to fall.— Untouch'd-and all unmeet, the sacred themes Of higher duties, offices and rites With secular and pleasurable thoughts To mingle: but hereafter, if vouchsafes The heavenly muse, and a diviner power, Fit subject for the Pastor's evening song .-Should future time more sacred charge commit— Anticipation fond—to our fond care, What tenderer, nobler, more religious sense Shall fill our bosom, tie us to the spot, To which but newly wedded, much we love, And bind us to ourselves still more and more.



VAR: NOTÆ.

CANTO I.

(1) Page 7.

1839. The following is the last, and probably will be the last attempt at versifying by the same pen:—

Such days are past; ah! days of duress hard,
When love was carried on by escalade,
Sign, cipher, abigail; and escapade
Through sash uplifted softly, or through casement,
By postern and postchaise, in peril made,
Leaving the purblind parents in amazement.
Now in sad house of Union round the room stick,
In dingy whity-brown, the vile affiches,
Telling to paupers, John and Mary's wishes,
Anon completed by the magic broomstick:
Hence nonage, bigamy, and incest, all
Are legalized by writing on the wall.
Such are the forms and rites of Workhouse wedding,
And holy cobblers bless, and consecrate the bedding.*

^{*} Something like the following exchange of notes has taken place between the Author and the Registrar-General. In the new form for entries of marriages in the church are two columns, one thus,—for "trade or profession," the other, for "condition." The officiating minister omitted to take or make any notice in his entries of the "condition" of the parties; for which omission in the return he was gently reprimanded by the above public functionary. The clergyman in his reply or defence, expressed his ignorance how to fill up the column, having entered the trade or profession of the per-

(2) Page 8.

"These bitter sweets and pleasing pains of Love," are described by Theodore Hook in his best manner.—Vide "Births, Deaths, and Marriages."

(3) Page 16.

He that stands to contemplate the crowds that fill the streets of a populous city, will see many passengers whose air and motions it will be difficult to behold without contempt and laughter; but if he examine what are the appearances that thus powerfully excite his risibility, he will find among them neither poverty nor disease, nor any other involuntary or painful effect. The disposition to derision and insult is awakened by the softness of foppery, the

Being somewhat addicted to grazing, as most of the rural clergy are, he had not been used to apply the term "condition" to any other of God's creatures than his cattle, calling them fat or lean, high or low in condition. This quality, therefore, which would only be ascertained on examination, he could not understand the use of on the solemn occasion, which he still deems the performance of the holy ceremony; for it is now impossible to state such condition of a fashionably dressed female from the exterior, who has been pleasantly described as minima pars sui. But he was informed, that the word "condition" meant "bachelor or spinster, widow or widower." He could not, till so instructed. have ridiculed a poor man by calling him in a married "condition;" and he is very averse to applying to the elegant damsels who appear at the altar, the offensive and legal term of "spinster," now obsolete and unfitting for such as neither toil nor spin. He has therefore designated them "young ladies." Henceforth let them be described, if at all requisite, as "Lilies of the Valley," the most beautiful of wild-flowers, according to better authority than that of modern fancy-legislators, and growing wild in the woody walks and rides in the writer's delightful parish.

swell of insolence, the liveliness of levity, or the solemnity of grandeur; by the sprightly trip, the stately stalk, the formal strut and the lofty mien; by gestures intended to catch the eye, and by looks elaborately formed as evidences of importance."

Rambler, 197.

(4) Page 21. Whilom, Dyott-street.

(*) Page 25.

It was the current observation of David Howel, that a man of fashion should never be seen out of two or three streets, except perchance, on Saturday, west of Temple-bar, at his banker's. David Howel! mehercule! who was David Howel? One of the pleasantest of the pleasant fellows in the House of Commons, when that house was a school for gentlemen. Those were the Augustan days of Fox, Pitt, Burke, Sheridan, Wyndham, Canning, who although all friends to constitutional reform, would never have submitted to a reformed or deformed representation in Parliament of the mob; and who would have trod upon such reptiles as C---, H---, W---, W--, G--- (but I could almost ask pardon of the champion for including him in the same category), and crushed at once their saucy vulgarity. It is not necessary to be so purely aristocratic, as to adopt without exception the arbitrary rule, that it requires three generations to make a gentleman. What a noble contradiction of it is Sir Robert! Yet a little original sin adheres to him; witness his adulation in the Tailors' Hall, of the most plebeian municipality of any city in Her Majesty's dominions. It goes far to prove the third filtration to be generally requisite. I have somewhere seen,-

> "Nothing more true in verse or prose is Than 'nascitur, non fit, generosus.'"

When he happily is in better odour at Court, I trust he will subscribe himself her Majesty's most obedient, but not most expedient servant. The honourable baronet was taught a severe

lesson by the men of Oxford on the doctrine of expediency. They preferred another Sir Robert, whose moral and political principles have never flinched at the dictation of a demagogue. It has not repented them of their choice.

Yet it must be acknowledged that birth only will not constitute the gentleman. The bene natus in old times was sufficient at All Souls'; but it is the mind ("and mind alone, bear witness Earth and Heaven"), which is embued by early education and early associates with high and honourable principles, that qualifies the man for that distinction.

Lord Byron has somewhere observed, with his usual discrimination, that a coarse-mannered man may be a gentleman; his lordship might have added the converse—a coxcomb never! The former may be slovenly, careless, and negligent of what he does not deem essentials; the latter can never realize what he only apes.

(6) Page 27.

I would suggest a slight alteration in the use of this word. Imbrella would express the meaning best of the useful companion of the fair, now bearing the name of Umbrella; whilst umbrella should remain as here applied. Imber, umbra. The French words Parasol and Parapluie, are perfectly in accordance.

(7) Page 28.

The fashionable auctioneer of the day will recur to my cotemporaries, and a certain pleasant puff and trial about a sea-view and hanging wood.

(8) Page 28.

The leading Journal once termed these fair daughters of science "dirty-fingered gentry!" O tempora! O fie!

Page 29.

Those bright western luminaries, Davy and Coleridge, were then culminating in the meridian, and illuminating the cerulean satellites moving within their orbits.

(°) Page 30.

Here the Philosopher proved a Prophet indeed! Whilst we lament the loss of that ornament of Pall Mall, the facade of Carlton House, we may gloriously triumph in the possession of that street, the envy of the nations, to which the Regent gave his name. If London has lost one palace, how many has she gained, from St. James's-street to Holborn Hill, - palaces for gin, and palaces for sin! O mores! O decus! But those more chaste and classical edifices of modern erection, should have our unreserved commendation, namely, the Club-houses; institutions admirably calculated to preserve young men of family and education from the worst evils that formerly beset them. Who does not remember with sorrow, and perhaps remorse, the expensive and luxurious dinner at a fashionable coffee-house or tavern, followed by wine enough to raise the spirits and inflame the blood for any perilous or thoughtless adventure. The regular adjournment to the Opera or Theatre begun the evening; and then followed all the nameless and shameless consequences of the night; and not seldom the plucking and pigeoning of the heir or fool of fortune, by sharpers of both sexes and grades of iniquity. Now, by these quiet and gentlemanly retreats, from what temptations and indiscretions are not the younger members rescued? Whilst the selections and elections of members are carried on fairly and with due regard to character (and who would be the responsible proposer where that is wanting?) they cannot degenerate into licentious gaming-houses. The dinner, at once frugal and elegant, is followed by no more wine than Abernethy would have advised: and social intercourse daily increases among the members, as men insensibly drop into conversation, and form acquaintance with those around them; still one man is not held to other men's engagements, but retreats at his own leisure and pleasure. The economist, from necessity or choice, here has his daily abode, and retreats to his dormitory in a troisieme, and finds his cards and

calls returned at the brass-plate in Bruton-street, where the never-changing "Not at home" of Jack Brag, answers all inquiries.

(10) Page 30.

That imperishable material, Cornish granite, was thus eulogised, a sample of which proves its praise and durability to be not over-rated, on the trotoir of Blackfriars Bridge.

(11) Page 32.

The eloquence of the elder Christie will perhaps be remembered with a smile, and thoughts of a modern professor arise.

(12) Page 42. Peter Pindar.

(18) Page 49.

This and the two next stanzas are manifestly an interpolation, and they do not dovetail very fitly. But, Messieurs of the Periodicals, I pray your worships, let them pass.

(14) Page 58.

The perfect personation of the Duke and Duchess by Elliston and Miss Duncan cannot but recur to the admirers of the stage in their days.

(15) Page 59.

"Who would not laugh, if such an one there be? Who would not weep, if Marlborough were he?"

This quotation is made after reading the clever and well got up Life of "Queen Sarah," by Mrs. A. T. Thompson. Still the immortal hero improves under her hand and pen. The head and heart and hand of a lady only could give the nice touches everywhere distributed over those delectable volumes.

(16) Page 61.

Route and squeeze now appear vulgarisms, but they were current terms in those days, as "soirée," or "at home," are now.

(17) Page 68.

All this vituperation might have been deserved thirty years ago. But surely the nice exclusion of Almack's, and the purity of the Court of a Virgin Queen, have raised the tone of morals and society above such reproach or censure. (1839.) In the rapid but natural transition of human affairs, the royal maid has now become a bride. Should the attraction of the name, or similarity of circumstances, induce the eyes of majesty to glance over these lowly lines, the honour might renovate the happiness which gave birth to them. I trust they contain nothing but "what a queen might read, a bishop write."

(18) Page 65.

That German abomination, the Waltz, was then becoming germane to the English. It were well for our morals if its inventor (as old Tatham, of Lincoln College, said of German theology) had been sunk in the German Ocean.

(19) Page 66. "Manners maketh man."

(20) Page 69.

It cannot be less than half a century since the author read, with all the lively pleasure of youth, Miss Burney's Novels: for, from a recent controversy, it appears that her early and delightful pictures of life were drawn about that period; and so lasting a recollection had he of her masquerade, that he may here be found guilty of plagiarism.

(21) Page 71.

Here the writer ceased to Byronize his musty MS. Noble shade of Harolde, pardon his presumption! Something of an explanation of this cauda piscis is given in the prefix.

- (22) Page 72. The atomical philosopher, namely, Buffon.
- (1) Page 98. Louis XVIII., then an exile in Buckinghamshire.

(2) Page 109.

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"The signs of the times" when this passage was penned, thirty years ago, have continued, or rather darkened since. The Church has withstood many "a heavy blow," fairly dealt at her; and sappers and miners from within and without have tried in vain to shatter her old walls; yet there she stands, with bold front against the foe, unshaken and unscathed "from turret to foundation-stone."

(3) Page 117.

When Adam was first created
The lord of the universe round,
His happiness was not completed
Until an helpmate he had found.

For hunting, he'd dogs got, and horses,
Which some men love better than life;
He had greyhounds and champaigns for courses,
But still was in want of a wife.—Old Song.

- (4) Page 121. Nootka Sound armament for the Fur-trade.
 - (1) Page 129.

The late M-ch-ness of B-ck-m, whose delight was to make every one delighted.

(2) Page 148.

"Where is care?

With the wind in the rear.

And the man's lost in something divine."

Old Hunting Song.

(3) Page 153.

The reader will not be at loss to refer to the time when this passage was written—the duel between Lord C. and Mr. C.

(4) Page 154.

Hiatus non valde defendus. Here a long passage of political soothsaying in the original MS., which has been happily falsified by events in all its anticipations, is omitted, which accounts (if it be not a good apology) for the work being so suddenly huddled up. It must now pass with all its imperfections.

THE END.

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